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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.





## MASKED BALLS IN HAVANA.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Half-past ten o'clock found us entering the "Tacon," whose immense parquette being floored over even with the stage, or, I should say, the floor, after the removal of the seats, is raised by machinery to a level with the stage, forming one of the largest and most magnificent ball rooms in the world. Our party was made up of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, half of whom were Americans, and we watched the dancing from a private box. The dancing is of a very broad and voluptuous character, often carried to actual indecency, and I doubt if it would be tolerated elsewhere. The music is characteristic; the attendance large, and the costumes heterogeneous. I give you a description of the same in verse, which, if it has no other merit, is truthful.

### MASKED BALLS IN HAVANA.

I.

Volantes without number
Crushing through each street,
Splashing mud and scraping wheels
'Gainst everything they meet;
White men dressed like niggers,
Women large and small,
Rushing towards the "Tacon
And Escoriza's" Ball.

II.

Women without number
Of every tongue and age,
Good and bad, rich and poor,
Meet on the Tacon's stage.
Men of every style and size,
Without a thought of pride,
High and low, friend or foe,
Are dancing side by side.

III.

There's an angel, got up
Without regard to cost,
Surely some poor devil
A mosquito net has lost;
I guess she is a "modiste,"
For Cuban ones are kind,
And go for beauty unadorned
Whene'er they feel inclined.

IV.

The flashy little angel,
As through the dance she bounces,
Regardless of all tune and time,
Regardless of her flounces;
See, the giddy creature
Has given them a flirt,
And something very human
Is seen beneath her skirt.

V.

Heavy gent, beside her,
Staggers to a seat,
Punching everybody's knees
And treading on their feet—
His eyes are on the angel,
And 'tis very plain to see,
In the future are his hopes
To win a legacy (leg I see).

VI.

The fellow in a red shirt,
Guitar, and all of that,
Sitting by the fairy
With a plume within her hat,
Thinks he looks the bandit
At a very killing rate,
Who'd think he was a pedlar
From old New Jersey State?

VII.

One arm stealing round her,
The mercenary man,
Still practising his business
To take in all he can—
Now he's caught a Tartar,
For thanks to yonder light,
All beneath her mask is dark,
Her hair curls very tight.

VIII.

Yonder goes an ancient knight,
Very tall and thin,
His coat of cotton velvet,
Helmet of block tin;
His air is very Spanish;
The dried up looking sinner
Should either give up bad segars
Or garlic for his dinner.

IX.

The jockey dressed in red tights
Is making love Platonic,
Regardless of embroidered coat
And collar so Byronic.
Feeling like a Peacock,
His breast o'erfilled with pride,
He thinks he's just about the thing
For Kitty by his side.

X.

The crowd keeps growing thicker,
And Heaven! what a din!
The very air's a mixture
Of music and bad gin;
It looks to one like magic
To dance in such a muss,
And yet the way they do it,
Would make a fast man blush.

XI.

Was ever such a mixture
In any land or age?
Come back the shade of him who said—
"The world is but a stage;"
For time has concentrated
The genius thou unfurl'd,
Till for a dollar all may see,
On Tacon's stage, the world.

Havana, July, 1862. Yours, &c., RAYMOND.

EARLY WALKING.—Walking, for young and active people is by far the best exercise; riding is good for the elderly, middle-aged, and invalids. The abuse of these exercises consists in taking them when the system is exhausted more or less by previous fasting or by mental labor. Some persons injudiciously attempt a long walk before breakfast, under the belief that it is conducive to health. Others will get up early to work three hours at some abstruse mental toil. The effect in both instances is the same; it subtracts from the powers of exertion in the after part of the day. A short saunter, or some light reading before this meal, is the best indulgence of the kind; otherwise the waste occasioned by labor must be supplied by nourishment, and the breakfast will necessarily become a heavy meal, and the whole morning's comfort sacrificed by a weight at the chest from imperfect digestion of food. These observations apply especially to elderly persons, who are prone to flatter themselves into the persuasion that they can use their mental or bodily powers in age as in youth.

## "OTHELLO IN A FIX;"

OR,

### MY FIRST ATTEMPT AS A PLAYER.

REMINISCENCE OF A BLIGHTED GENIUS.

There are few who have arrived at years of discretion who have not experienced in the course of their progress onwards, some besetting sin of ambition prompting them towards the sublime—some hankering after an occasion to display themselves in shining colors to their less gifted fellow mortals. Perhaps there has never been a more fruitful source of gratifying this desire in youthful breasts than the mania for theatricals; and there have probably been more victims sacrificed at the shrine of Melpomene than were ever offered to appease any offended deity of antiquity. Amongst the class of unfortunates who have had the cup of hope dashed from their lips, I must class myself; for (with modesty be it spoken) not even genius itself can always escape the cruel hand of Fate. Struck, at an early age, with the grandeur of the drama, I drank deeply of the spirit of the great bard, and took every opportunity of gratifying my taste for the charms of the stage; and, as I advanced in years, so did my admiration "grow with my growth, and strengthen with my strength," till at length I formed an idea of becoming a candidate for histrionic fame.

I had witnessed the efforts of the great actors of the day as they took their tour of the country. I had seen Young's Zanga, and trembled at the effects of his revenge; Macready's Virginius and William Tell, and glowed with his patriotism and his energy; and lastly, I had seen the glorious Kean's Richard and Othello, whilst my heart throbbed and the blood thrilled in my veins as his bursts of passion came like thunderclaps o'er my bewildered senses; and many were the sleepless nights I passed after witnessing their performances, in ruminating how much I should like to imitate them. Often in my dreams the plaudits I had heard bestowed on those great tragedians still rung in my ears, as I "laid the flattering unction to my soul," that I might become one of them. I was not long in forming the resolutions to make an attempt, and though many difficulties lay in the way, yet my ardent imagination found means to overcome them all.

I was at this time an humble apprentice in the city of Philadelphia, which had already added so many ornaments to the American stage, and was now, in all probability, about to produce another. I broached my thoughts to a fellow apprentice, who, I knew, had a taste for theatricals, and he at once entered with ardor into my schemes. Othello was the play selected for the occasion of our first essay, as being the most difficult, perhaps, in the whole drama, but one most calculated for the display of talent. It is a singular fact that the young beginners choose the most prominent characters to commence with, depending upon their own powers with too much confidence; but in my case this was pardonable, for the reader must do me the credit to believe that I possessed innate talent of no ordinary description. I felt an inspiration urging me onwards, and I obeyed its summons. I, of course, was to enact the Moor, and my friend W—— was to play Iago, because, as I told him, he looked the villain so well. This compliment was taken in good part, and he consented. We soon found aspiring young gentlemen to fill the other characters, and arrangements were made to take the private theatre for one night. Now was my ambition in a fair way of being gratified, and I began to study my part with enthusiasm. I had read of the Athenian orator who recited on the sea shore during the commotion of the elements, in order to strengthen a voice weak by nature; and though I had no beach to perambulate, yet was I wont to seek the solitary meads of an evening, visiting, especially, the vicinity of a quarry on the neighboring hills, where I could give uncontrolled vent to my passions, and exercise my lungs to their full extent. Here did I often remain till nightfall, making the rude caves witnesses of my impassioned outpourings, which echoed back the divine words of the poet in accents wild—"Blood, blood, Iago"—"Damn her, lewd minx"—"Whip me, ye devils, from the possession of this heavenly sight," thus "making night hideous, and those fools of nature" (to wit, the owls, bats, and other inhabitants of those hitherto undisturbed retreats) "so horribly to shake with thoughts beyond the reach of their souls."

At length, the day so big with fate, arrived. I was perfect to the letter with my part, and full of hope. Indeed, my performances at the rehearsals were pronounced to be first-rate, giving earnest of the deep impression I should undoubtedly make. My dress was, considering all things, tolerably good. In my enthusiasm, I had seized a night-gown of my mother's, and quickly deprived it of the frills, and other useless appendages, including the sleeves. I had covered it with spangles, and glittering ornaments, thus converting it into an excellent tunic. A pair of old black pantaloons, with the legs cut off, and black worsted stockings substituted, made famous leggings, with which, together with a splendid mantle, and a red turban, I managed to "make up a show." My friend W—— had dressed Iago beautifully. Acting upon the hint I gave him, that he looked like a villain, he had made himself a complete bandit, with long shaggy hair half way down his back, his face covered with paint of various colors and a long cavalry sword, that would have slain all the Ottomites. The other *dramatis personæ* had dressed in a style equally unique. The "gentle Desdemona" looked charming in a garb of virgin white, and Emilia plump and jolly. With what delight did I submit to the application of the burnt cork; and as my features gradually lost their original color, so did my color increase, till when the operation was finished and I looked as black as a coal, I felt that I was no longer myself, but *the* Moor, and at that moment I could enact wonders. Alas! how little did I expect the disappointments that awaited me; little did I dream that there was an enemy in the camp in the shape of an envious fellow-apprentice, who had "prated of my whereabouts" to the governor, who had taken effectual means to thwart me on the night of my intended triumph.

At last the curtain rose, and the play commenced. What delicious moments, as I waited with impatience for my turn, and I heard the applause bestowed on those who preceded me! I had arranged that I should make my first appearance in the Senate scene, as being more effective; and on I marched, full of confidence, making my obeisance to the Senators; and a good-looking set they were. It is true they presented rather a motley appearance, being enveloped in cloaks of different cuts and colors, some with dog-skin collars, others with double capes; here one with the short Spanish, there another with a faded camlet, whilst one or two appeared in drab great coats; but it must be remembered that they were called up on particular business in the night, and of course put on the first thing that came to hand; and then, the Duke looked excellent, having borrowed a King Richard's dress. And now, hearing my cue, I boldly stepped forward to commence: "Most potent, grave, and reverend Seignors," answering with a bow the greeting I received on entering, and slowly raising my head to take a glance at the brilliant and crowded audience, when—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"—what a sight presented itself to my astonished gaze! Near to the footlights stood, with glasses raised to his eyes, looking piercingly amongst the group on the stage, the awful form of my master! and at his side an individual in whom I recognized the constable for our ward. I stood completely petrified, like Macbeth, when he encountered the glaring gaze of the murdered Banquo, with eyes fixed on the appalling spectacle. *He* looked vacantly on me, whom he sought, without recognising the well known features under their sable hue. I dared not speak, for he would have known my voice, and I stood fixed, whilst thoughts shot like lightning through my agonised brain, of the disappointed hopes and blighted ambition—"Othello's occupation's gone," without speaking a word! The audience, mistaking my attitude (so unlike what they had seen in any former Othello) for a sudden inspiration of genius, and a new idea of the part, greeted me with a round of applause, which served to recall my scattered senses; and my first effort was to make a retrograde movement, marching slowly backward towards the Duke, who, together with the Senators and the audience, were puzzled at this novel deportment of the Moor, and were at a loss whether to consider it an improvement or not. But the mystery was soon dispelled, when I whispered in the ear of the "reverend and gracious," the cause of my surprise. This acted like magic; the Duke took up "the bloody book of law" under his arm, and walked off the stage at a very unmignified pace, and the others followed his example. The executive, seeing a stir, stepped upon the stage, followed by the audience, and my cruel master, loudly demanding his apprentice. A scene of dreadful confusion ensued, the actors seeking safety in flight. Here was Roderigo busily employed rubbing the paint off his face, there Cassio dodging the "man of office" round the wings; Desdemona in hysterics; Emilia wringing her hands; and the "lads of Cyprus" taking shelter under the seats. Iago was the first to make his escape, and flew up the street, hotly pursued by half-a-dozen sweeps, shouting after so novel a figure, till he got safely to a public house, where he entreated to be put into the coal-cellar. I was preparing to follow his example, when I was arrested by the strong arm of the executive, who would not let so remarkable a looking personage decamp without an examination, and I was brought to my master's elbow, who was still shouting "Where is my apprentice?" I was now obliged to answer, and keeping up the dignity of my character, I replied, in a theatrical tone, "*I* am that apprentice." "What!" said he, with an incredulous look, "you my apprentice! Bless my soul, the boy is so altered that I do no know him; but come, I will put a stop to these proceedings for the future." I was now enveloped in a cloak, and conveyed home to be cleansed from my assumed complexion; for this purpose I was subjected to the ordeal of the pump, and as the cool stream descended in torrents on my devoted head washing off the bereaved shades from my visage, I felt my courage failing, and my heart sinking within me; and that bright and vivid flame of inspiration, which had but just before burnt with such intense energy, was now flickering with unsteady ray, till it was at length quenched forever! That cruel stream, unlike Lethe's fabled flood, which imparted oblivion to all sorrows, not only extinguished the fire, but left the bitter remembrance of a feeling which has never returned! Curses on the wretch who thus blighted my hopes of fame and fortune at "one fell swoop;" who thus, doubtless, deprived the stage of one of its brightest ornaments, and the immortal drama of Shakespeare of one of its most powerful representatives. "Map his pernicious soul not half a grain a day!" May there be "placed in every honest hand, a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world!" May—but hold; let me rather leave him to time, and to the compunctious visitings of conscience, and endeavor to condole myself with the idea that perhaps I *might* have mistaken my powers, and thus have been saved from the consequences of a misplaced confidence.

## TRAINING;

### HOW, WHEN, AND WHAT TO DO.

BY CHARLES WESTHALL.

The want of a single work upon training having been long felt by the multitude, who do not contend for gain, and therefore are not in a position to secure the services of a paid trainer, has induced us to publish the present work, which only treats upon the most simple forms of preparation which may enable any person to improve upon any or all the present athletic sports in which he may delight. The author has throughout his career followed out the system prescribed.

### CHAPTER I.

Pedestrianism, from its healthful and beneficial effect upon the human frame, is of most vital importance in keeping the required equable balance which should exist in every constitution, whether robust or otherwise. A work placing forward a few of the hints most necessary to the pedestrian, whether amateur or professional, has long been required, the more especially as during the last few years the system of training men, whether for a foot race in any of its branches, for an encounter in the ring, or for a trial of skill in a boat race, has undergone a complete revolution. And that the change has been for the better, the faster time which is continually being made in all branches of the manly sports in which time is any criterion, is the positive proof. Good training is as requisite to any man who wishes to excel as it is to the thorough-bred straining for victory in the national contest for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, in which race every competitor has had the advantage of having been under the superveillance of the most valued trainers in England, and consequently of the whole world. A man, fleshy and obese, might as well attempt to compete with a well-trained man as the animal who has been fed for a prize show again to enter the list with his highly-polished and well-trained contemporaries. He may be endowed with every requisite in health, strength, muscle, courage, bone, and all other qualifications; but if untrained, these qualifications are of no value, as in every instance a man or horse, well trained, of much inferior power, has always under the circumstances proved the victor. Good condition, which is the term used by trainers to indicate the perfect state of physical power to which the athlete has arrived, is one of the greatest safeguards to his health; as in many instances severe and long-continued exertion when unprepared has had an injurious and continuous effect on the constitution, and in some few isolated cases produced almost sudden death. There few words are not alone intended for the man who has to compete, as well as his trainer, but also for the eyes of his backer or backers, to whom the success or defeat of their man is the source of loss or gain; and as well, to the greater portion of mankind, who go through the regular routine of life, day after day, their business almost always being performed with apathy, and the remainder of their time passed in excessive smoking, eating, drinking, sleeping, sitting, or any small pet vice to which they may be addicted. That such a man can undergo the same process of training as the professional who has to perform some arduous task, against time or a fleet antagonist, we do not ask or expect—his occupation would not allow the same time—but we do advance the assertion that he would perform his allotted duties with more pleasure to himself and more satisfaction to all concerned if he were to undergo a partial training. Were this system carried out to a greater extent, the physician would have cause to lament the decline of his practice, and the advertising quack become a nonentity. It is my fervent wish that in time there will be colleges for gymnastic and athletic sports every where, so that our youth who may not have opportunities of carrying out the system thoroughly, may at least have a chance of arriving at some point of condition, if even remote from perfection. On an inquiry being made to any professional pedestrian of note what time he wants, the answer will invariably be, that he requires time for his training, which will vary from a month to two months, and in some instances to more—thus proving that if a man who has shone pre-eminent in the sphere he has chosen for his exertions, and has had the benefit of previous trainings, must again undergo the same ordeal as heretofore, that a man totally untrained must at least require the same preparation as well as a greater amount of practice to fully develope his particular forte as a pedestrian. To sum up in a few words, training is a complete system of diet and exercise, duly carried out and strenuously adhered to. Look at the fatigue undergone by the North American Indians, as well as most of the savage tribes! What feats of strength, agility, pedestrianism, &c., with marvellous sagacity they displayed, until at length, coming into contact with Europeans and partaking of their vices, they became enervated and lost most of their previous attributes, and in consequence of their excesses, from a nation of warriors they became a byeword, and degenerated into a nation of half-breeds and slaves, and are fast passing from the face of the globe. The consequence, therefore, is, that from the mode of life which we lead, our health must be impaired, and the only remedy will be discovered by him who follows the principles of training at present laid down. That one kind of training will suit all kinds of constitutions would be absurd to advance, or that the same method could under any circumstances be successful in training a man to run a sprint would ensure success in a severe struggle of an hour's duration, would be equally preposterous—nevertheless, the ground-work of the routine arises from the benefit derived from regular diet and steady exercise.

### CHAPTER II.

Training is the process of getting the man who has to contend in any pedestrian contest, from a state of obesity and almost total incapability, into a perfect state of health, which is shown by the great increase of strength, activity, wind, and power of support, continued exertion at the top of his speed, and to fully develop *his bottom*, which is the correct designation of the above qualities combined, that enables the pedestrian to persevere in despite, apparently of nature, which, but for his previous attention to the admonitions of his trainer, would by the same time have been utterly prostrate. A few words addressed to the trainer will not be out of place, so much depending upon his way of treating his man independent of his daily routine. A man who goes into training quickly is like an unbroken colt. The temper of the ped ought to be studied as carefully as that of the quadruped, so that his mind can be carefully prepared for his arduous situation, which is one of abstinence, and in some cases total deprivation, which always tries the patience and frequently the temper of the combatant, who, in these cases, should be encouraged by word and example, showing that the inconveniences he is undergoing are but the preliminary steps to the attainment of that health, strength, and elasticity of muscle which has caused so many before him to accomplish almost apparent impossibilities. Such a trainer is worth a hundred who have no judgment in the regulation of the work which a man may take without in any way making him anxious to shun his duty, or to turn sullen. Let the trainer bear in mind and always remember, that a fit of temper is as injurious to the man in training as any other excess, and in many instances from a supposed well-founded cause of complaint, a continued civil war has arisen in the cabinet, which has not been quelled, perhaps, until the dissension has had a very serious effect in destroying the pedestrian's confidence in his trainer's capabilities and want of temper, as well as throwing back the trained man most materially in his advance towards condition. Nevertheless, he should be firm in his manner, intelligible in his explanations, and by no means bigoted in his favorite notions respecting the use of any particular medicine or "nostrum" which he may think may be requisite to the welfare of his man. The trainer, of course, is known or supposed to be of sterling integrity—and on this in a great measure depends the monetary interests of the man and his backers. We are sorry to have to mention that such a man is requisite as a trainer, but consider it necessary to mention it, as, if the trainer is not honest, and has not his heart in the well-doing of his man, all the pains taken by the pedestrian would be nullified and rendered of no avail. Having arrived thus far, we have shown that the office of a trainer is no bed of roses; he must be vigilant night and day, never leave his man, and, as we before stated, he must act according to his preaching, and be as abstemious, or nearly so, as his man, whom it is his duty to encourage in improvement, to cheer when despondent, and to check if there is at any time symptoms of a break out from the rules laid down—but at all times he must, by anecdote &c., keep the mind of his man amused, so that he may not brood over the privations he is undergoing. Let the trainer remember that cleanliness is one of the first rules to be attended to, and strictly to remember that the bath can hardly hurt his man in any season if only due precaution is observed, always bearing in mind that it is a preventative instead of a provocative to colds, catarrhs, and the long list of ills attendant upon a sudden chill. The duration of the bath is, of course, to be limited, and a brisk rubbing with coarse linen cloths until the surface is in a glow will always be found sufficient to ensure perfect safety from danger. Of course, the amount of physic required by his man will depend upon his constitution as well as the lowness of his nervous system, in some cases there being no occasion to administer a purgative. But these are the times when the skill of the trainer is brought into requisition, and if he knows his business, he will in these instances give his man stimulating and generous diet until he is in a fit state to undergo the necessary privations to get him in a fit state to be called upon to work to get into condition. In no instance is he to allow his man to sweat the days on which he has taken a purgative, as in many instances men have been thrown back in their preparation, or, as it is professionally called, "trained off." The best test when all the superfluous flesh has been trained off by sweating, with long walks or runs, as the case may be, is taken from the fairness and brightness of the skin, which is a certain criterion; as well as being of a proper leanness. Before we describe and comment upon the present system of preparation, we will give a rough outline of the old and in most cases discarded rules which were observed in almost every instance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PATRIOTIC CRAFT.—Many newspapers are issuing half sheets in consequence of the scarcity of Printers, a great many of whom have volunteered for the war.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. J.—You will find a full report of the suit of T. A. Morton against John Bates, of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, in the CLIPPER dated December 24, 1859. Mr. Morton had been engaged as leading man for the National, but after performing in that capacity for five weeks, he was rather unceremoniously discharged by Mr. Bates. Action was brought to recover salary for the six months for which he was engaged, and the Court decided in favor of the actor, giving him $680.

A. C. T.—The technical terms you inquire about may be thus defined:—1. An actor capable of sustaining properly and readily any part the manager may cast him for, from king to clodhopper. 2. An actress who can readily assume when required, the pertness or piquancy of manner usually found among favorite chambermaids, companionable villagers, etc.

JUMPING JOHNNY, Chicago.—We have no complete record of such performances. John Howard is said to have cleared twenty-eight feet in a running leap; this occurred in England. In this country, Tom King is reported to have cleared thirty-one feet, in a running leap over nine horses, at San Francisco. We know of no performances that equal these feats.

C. D. K., Philadelphia.—The "Colonel" is not with the army; he is not a fighting Colonel, but one of the peace persuasion; how he gained the title we cannot tell. There are many Colonels in the army, however, who would be of more service to their country by staying out of it. A letter directed to our care will reach the Colonel.

SUPPORTER, Dayton, O.—You will perceive that we have attended to your request, although strictly speaking, according to business rules, such an announcement should be previously paid for as an advertisement. See this week's "Negro Minstrelsy."

FRED NICHOLS, 211 Shoreditch, London.—Ned has received no photo. of Jem as yet. Did you send? If not, by addressing him at this office it will be all right and tight. It can be doubled up, unmounted, and put inside a letter—never mind the postage.

FRED COPPERS, Co. K, 10th Regt. N. Y. S. V.—Where are you now? Do the CLIPPERS reach you regularly? A letter from England was mailed you last week.

M., Harrisburg, Pa.—Thanks. No doubt the establishment of S. S. S., would furnish your pen a good subject. But, you see how we have to condense.

J. BOGERS, Washington, D. C.—Jack being the highest card out, counts the holder two points, one for high, and one for Jack, but Jack cannot be counted as Jack until after low.

COPERNICUS, St. Louis.—Thanks. Your questions will be answered in this department next week.

H. LAND, St. Paul, Min.—The news you refer to was from our California files, and not Australian.

S., Chicago.—Thanks, but you are behind time. Shall be glad to hear from you when convenient.

LOUISVILLE, Louisville, Ky.—Not engaged at present. Address her at Old Cambridge, Mass.

CAMERA, Troy, N. Y.—We like your style. Be not alarmed at our condensations.

C. H. D., New Haven.—We do not care to enter into such an arrangement at present.

OLD POINT.—The first regiment of New York Fire Zouaves was disbanded; the second is now in the field.

CHARLES DRAYTON, Boston.—In case of a misdeal, all outside bets are void.

F. E. K., Cincinnati.—Make application to some good stage manager.

C. C. P., Buffalo.—1. Sullivan was a native of Ireland. 2. Tom Sayers was born in England.

KNICKERBOCKER.—It was a brother of the person mentioned.

T., Cleveland.—Johnny Lazarus is in California.

NEWS BOY, Philadelphia.—We go to press on Monday evening.

INQUIRER.—Ben Caunt is dead.

## THE GREAT HORSE FAIR A GREAT HORSE FAILURE.

We made mention in one of our previous issues of the probable failure of the "Great Horse Fair" then being held in Chicago. Our prognosticatio ns of the result have been borne out by the lamentable termination of the fair, and its complete and utter failure in every respect. A more mortifying failure, probably, never before occurred in this country. It was worse even than our own proposed race meeting on the Fashion Course, which, after being "written up" by the scriveners (now, good Mr. Printer, dont make this scavengers) of the concern, was "written down" by the public, the meeting never coming to more than an opening trial, which so disappointed the speculators that they gave up the meeting as a losing job. Yes, bad as Mr. Cassidy's New York races turned out, the Chicago Horse Fair was a still more disastrous fizzle. A gentleman who has been in the show business for many years, himself one of the greatest equestrians of his day, writes to us that he was in Chicago during the Horse Fair, and says "it was one of the greatest failures he ever saw; the attendance was very small, while the committee gave very little, if any, satisfaction." Other letters corroborate this, and the reports in the Chicago papers all lead to the same conclusion. The committee seem to have known very little about business matters, and some of the members who pride themselves on a proper knowledge of the horse, were as green as some of the animals and riders they were called to pass judgment upon. The horses were out in pretty strong force, but, like some of our Union soldiers at Bull Run, they were badly handled, the committee being entirely at fault in a proper distribution of the "material." The committee also come in for much censure in regard to their award of premiums, favorites in some cases getting the prizes, instead of merit. There was a good deal of quarreling, too, going on, and the public have arrived at the conclusion that the whole thing was originated by a few New York and other speculators, to make money; and that when it was discovered that the job was likely to be a fizzle, the knowing ones tried to turn the affair to some sort of account in another direction, and the truly deserving were not in all cases the recipients of the prizes to which, by honor and justice, they were entitled. It was a sickening exhibition, and the Chicago people must have been really delighted when they saw the last of the show and the speculators. The fair was a disgrace to the city. Under better auspices, it might have been a success. As it was, we are not surprised at the result. As an instance of the character of the proceedings, we annex the following item, which we find going the rounds of the papers:—

QUARREL OVER PRIZES AT A HORSE FAIR.—The prominent competitors in equestrianism, at the late horse fair at Chicago, were Mrs. Fasset, Miss Morgan, and Mrs. Lockwood. In awarding the premiums, the judges gave the blue ribbon (first premium) to Miss Morgan; the red ribbon (second premium) to Mrs. Lockwood, and the white ribbon (third premium) to Mrs. Fasset. The favorites of each lady became excited, and the winner of the first premium was hissed, while Mrs. Lockwood, the winner of the second premium, in her rage, tore the red ribbon from her arm, and her cavalier performed the same deed for the ribbon on the head of her horse. Thereupon the officers of the society concluded to withhold the premium, $250, from the enraged lady. The next day Mrs. Lockwood cooled down, and apologized for her hasty indignation, laid the blame on her cavalier, and the committee paid her the premium the day previous she refused.

Nice doings for the fair at the horse fair, truly. We presume the "committee" will give up the horse business hereafter.

A COLOSSUS.—This is the impressive title conferred upon our champion, John C. Heenan, by the English provincial newspapers. Ryal accompanies him as a gladiatorial opponent in his tour with the circus, and although "no chicken," it is said that Heenan could knock him out of the combat any moment. Keep your digitorial appendages off us, John, if that's your gait.

THE MILES CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—The race for the glories, etc., pertaining to this event have fallen to the lot of Lang. How long he will be permitted to retain them remains a question, as Sam Barker has put in his "say so" in reference thereto.

NO GAS ABOUT THAT.—In this issue we give the particulars of a law suit in which the parties concerned were a pugilist and lessee of a theatre; the latter however came off second best. He should have put in Brother Sniffin's plea, and he would have been "all hunk."

HURRAH!—Every loyal city should fire a salute in honor of Gen. McClellan's victory over the invading forces of Lee and Jackson.

POINT BREEZE PARK.—The fall trotting meeting over this Philadelphia track commences Sept. 22nd.

## "HACK TRACK."

When Heenan went to England to fight Sayers, he met with greater annoyance and opposition at the hands of a *clique* of New-Yorkers who followed him there, than from any other source. This *clique* attacked him at home, and followed up their attacks abroad, and this, too, at a time when he was smarting under the sting of defeat in his contest with Morrissey, and when but a very small band of tried and trusty friends battled in his behalf against immense odds. This *clique* of tormentors not only "put up jobs" to defeat the American, but they even carried their hostility so far as to misrepresent and malign the character of his friends. They felt satisfied that Heenan was a doomed man—that his chances were as one in a thousand—that he would sustain a more disastrous defeat in his meeting with the champion of England, than he met with when he encountered the Trojan, Morrissey. The Boy's opponent was apprised of the Boy's vulnerable points of attack, and posted in many little matters that might contribute to the success of Sayers. Thus trammelled by the machinations of enemies at home, and chased from point to point by superior numbers in a strange country, it was not surprising that the American people had fears of the result. But Heenan—conscious of his own strength, and ability to contend successfully, in a fair contest, with the best man England could produce—was not to be thwarted from his purpose by the lies and inventions of his New-York enemies, and kept on the even tenor of his way, attending to his own business, and, by strategical movements, foiling his adversaries abroad. The day of battle at length arrived, and on the field of Farnborough the American showed his superiority by vanquishing his game opponent, and scattering his seconds and advisers all over the arena. *Then* it was that the New-York *clique* turned that famous flip-flap, and came down in the guise of friends. When defeat seemed to stare the Boy in the face, this gang were his bitter enemies; when success crowned his efforts, they came over to the winning side, and shied their castors for Heenan.

Just so it is with the brave little commander of our Union army. Like Heenan, he was sent miles away to storm an enemy behind their entrenchments; like Heenan, he was attacked at home and abroad; like Heenan, he was crippled in his resources, by the very men who should have given him their confidence and support. But the worst of all, some of that same New York clique who opposed Heenan, also raised the cry that McClellan was a traitor; that he was an enemy to his country; that he was playing his soldiers into the hands of the foe, etc., etc. If he ever read those damnable charges, if he was ever cognizant of those dastard newspaper attacks, how the spirit of the brave man must have chafed to cram the lie down the rotten throats of the wretches who gave utterance to them. But he silently bore them all—bore the taunts of his enemies in New York, while repelling the assaults of the overwhelming foe that was trying to annihilate him and his brave and devoted band of patriots. And when—in the face of odds that would have ruined many another General, he saved his men from destruction, and placed them in a safe position—reinforcements were refused him, and he and his army ordered to fall back upon the Potomac—did he resign his command? No! He craved the privilege of fighting *under* Pope in *any* capacity. It was denied him, and Pope and his army were forced to look up their "lines of retreat," and take position behind the works defending Washington. The New York clique continued their assaults upon McClellan, now deeming it certain that his day was over, that he had been "played out," that he had been shown up "inside and out," and that the end of "Little Mac" had really come. But the dogs "reckoned without their host." Washington was menaced by the advancing foe; they came like an avalanche; Maryland was to be freed; the North was to be invaded; and fire and sword carried into the very heart of the free States. With the flush of victory they approached. The North was in fear and trembling at the sound of their footsteps. The Administration was "all abroad" in their calculations; they could fix upon no one to guide our ship of state; but the army knew the man for the crisis, and that man was George B. McClellan. They begged to be placed under his lead—it was a voice the administration could not resist, and the favorite of the army, the abused and maligned McClellan, was chosen to drive back the rebel hordes, and lead our brave soldiers on to victory. This time, McClellan's plans were not interfered with; reinforcements were sent him when desired; and the result is the triumph of our arms, the annihilation of the foe, and the salvation of the Union! The New York *clique*, who tried their best to destroy "Little Mac," hide their heads with mortification, or take the "back track," as they did when Heenan triumphed at Farnborough. Out upon such dastards, who to subserve some private ends, or to avenge some imaginary personal wrong, seek to ruin as true a patriot as ever breathed. Out upon the knaves who would sell their country in this, its hour of trial. If they have the least feeling, their punishment must be severe. All honor to the brave little commander, and his fighting legions, and destruction to their enemies, both at home and abroad.

"WALKER!"—It will be remembered Tom Sayers was advertised to leave England for Australia the present month, in the ship Alexandria, 2,000 tons burthen; he was also to receive £85,000 for a year, independent of expenses for himself and circus there and back. All right; oblige us by reading this over once:

"TOM SAYERS.—The British public is informed that the Lion will not leave England for a few weeks, in consequence of the burning of the ship Alexandria by the Federals. Washington La Grand, the Australian speculator, desires to make known to the Britishers, that in consequence of the destruction of the aforesaid vessel, and the amount of time required for the ship Tartar, 2,000 tons burthen, to reach England, which is now on her passage from Melbourne, together with the immense desire of our Welsh and Irish friends to see the Lion, arrangements have been made with the veteran agent, Thomas Kinnear, attached to Tom Sayers, to go right down on the track of all shows in the Northern British hemisphere, then proceed across the Irish Channel to the big town in our sister kingdom, giving to all sects and denominations a chance of seeing the mighty little hero, and showing to the world a wide difference between the Yankee Puff and Briton's Pride."

What think you? Will the Lion ever go to Australia at all? We hardly think it. Without wishing to disparage the gallant little Tom—whom we know like a book, and wish all sorts of prosperity—it is impossible to read these "blarsted" puffs and not feel a leetle bit disgusted. Surely Sir Thomas has reputation and fame enough to stand on his own bottom by this time; then why all this "hyperbole?" We object for his own sake, and reiterate in the language of an eminent divine, "It's too much pork for a shilling." When Washington La Grand (who the deuce is he, any way?) *does* take Sayers to Australia, our readers will be informed. In the meantime, "Jack the Giant Killer" (J. C. H.) is quietly eclipsing the three other champions.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.—On reference to our foreign department in this issue, it will be seen that Deerfoot, the now celebrated American Indian, is in Scotland, running races with several English peds of note. It appears that he was to have been presented with "a massive silver goblet" if he had done the eleven miles within the hour, but he didn't. Of course that was the very reason he took the extra 25 seconds, and was, to all intents and purposes, a repetition of the "Deerfoot Farce," with but a slight alteration. It wouldn't do for for Deerfoot to win all the time you know. Now, would it?

BIG TRUMPET.—James McQuade, Chief Engineer of the Albany Fire Department, was presented with a magnificent trumpet on Sept 10, at the Chief's office. It is of solid silver, two feet high, diameter of bell, eleven inches; weighs ninety ounces; the bell and mouth-piece lined with gold, and cost $500. In beauty of design, elaborate workmanship, and costliness of material, this trumpet is unsurpassed by anything of the kind ever got up in this country. May Jim live long to rally his boys mit der silver trumpet!

THE CROAKERS.—What has become of the contemptible devils who sought the ruin of "Little Mac?" Are they annihilated, with the rebel army, or have they sought safety on Canadian soil? Wherever they may be, they should meet with that execration which their conduct so richly merits. There is a brand upon the dogs, and it will remain upon them forever.

"INSIDE AND OUT."—How easy it is to annihilate a man on paper. Some of our newspaper scribblers had "shown up" McClellan so completely, "inside and out," that they very naturally supposed they had him "played out," entirely. Could the bloodhounds have had their own way in the matter, doubtless they would have killed him off by some means; but the General is reserved for a better destiny than that of a victim for assassins. Each one of the reports from the salutes fired in honor of McClellan's victory, must have scorched the defamers of McClellan, "inside and out," and rendered them wild with fury at the ill-success of their attempts to ruin our brave little General. "Treason in our Camp!" "inside and out," ah! ah! Go it, scribblers. "How's your poor feet?"

HOW ARE YOU, STONEWALL.—The gentlemen who came to free Maryland from the yoke of tyranny which held her powerless," have been taken back "to the place from whence they came, and may the Lord have mercy on their souls." Its like the yarn about "fifty thousand men who marched up a hill, and then marched down again," except that Maryland's "liberators" skedaddled a little faster than the Frenchmen. How *are* you, General Jackson? "Little Mac" carried rather too many "persuaders" for you this time.

RACING AT BOSTON.—The fall races on the Franklin Park course commenced on the 18th inst., a report of which will be found elsewhere. They were to be continued this week, and on the 23rd, Verge and Wagram are to test each other's powers in a three mile race.

## THE RING.

**WM. CLARKE'S SALOON**—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

**WEEHAWKEN.**—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 9-tf

**THE ORIENTAL,** No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE TWO JOEMIOS.—We hear a deal of talk around the city, concerning the relative merits of the two fighting Joes—Coburn and Goss. There are all sorts of opinions, and each man has his warm admirers—this is as it should be, but there's nobody can tell which is really the better man without a trial. We want to see something done towards setting the ball in motion for another great international combat, and Joe Coburn matched with Joe Goss would just do that same thing. Both men are on the anxious-seat for pugilistic renown, as we know; our London correspondent having seen and talked with Joe Goss' principal backer in Wolverhampton, who is willing either for Goss to fight here or Coburn there, expenses being defrayed accordingly, and we have Coburn's manifesto, agreeing to any reasonable terms—in fact he wishes no earthly object to intervene, and would be the last man to pick straws about trifles. There, you see, both sides are unanimous. Then what's to hinder the match from being made? That's the question. The only draw-back is this: neither man has put down any dust to bind the match. Now if "our Joe" wants to head off "their Joe," he's only got to send over a deposit, with articles, to the *Sporting Life*, and "the thing is did." Goss can then forward his instalment to some responsible party here, when the whole affair will look like business; whereas, now, unless one or the other socks up the "wherewithal," things will "never get no further." Once get the matter under way, and the difficulty is over. As Goss seems anxious to come over here, provided he is allowed expenses, by Coburn's sending a deposit, he can at the same time propose terms, date, and place of fighting, etc. All Goss' money might be sent to the temporary stakeholder here, and Coburn's to a similar party there, until the last deposit, when the whole amount must be delivered to some reliable, honest, fearless, independent man's hands, who can be relied upon by both principals and their friends. Should this affair assume real business, or eventuate in another international tourney, to come off this side of the Pond, it is most probable Goss would do all his training over there, and not take passage for this country or Canada, until a few weeks previous to the time of its coming off. If Coburn prefers fighting in England, by putting himself in the hands of the honest little man of Dublin, he can rely on everything being done that is possible to get him in fix, and "see him through" fair and square. As the Belt will have nothing to do with the affair, we are inclined to think our English cousins will do better by Joe Coburn than they did by John C. Heenan, so that if our man can win he will win. *Faugh a ballagh*, and let's hear what Coburn has to say on the subject—sing out Joe.

TOM HYER ON HIS PINS AGAIN.—This worthy and gentlemanly sportsman has once more settled down in the hotel biz.; he keeps in Fourth street, just off Broadway, near Mercer street. It's a great place for the real, old-fashioned "Tom Quick" sort of sports, and we shall spend a night there in a short time to see what's going on; in the meantime, you can take a look for yourselves. We hope Tom's "staying" qualities will never leave him, or at any rate, not till he can count his ten-dollar green-backs by the thousand. He's got his name outside, so there's no excuse for giving him the cold shoulder, or taking a shingle off his roof. Fall in!

NOT RIGHT.—Our friend, Bill Clarke, of the "Gem," has made out so well since his opening corner of Houston and Crosby streets, that a rival in business is doing his utmost to get Billy's house broken up. The funniest part is about the cause for this unsportsmanlike conduct—one goes the entire animal, the other bears only a slight resemblance, (or his accuser says as much,) and that's why Billy isn't to be allowed to live. The Scripture enjoins, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," to which we would add that good old motto for all over-zealous or too-anxious individuals, "Live and let live!" Follow up these two mottoes, and nobody's corns will suffer.

POLICE!—Don't feel at all uneasy, "gentle reader," at our header—we've neither been robbed nor "kilt;" our idea is to give the whereabouts and whatabouts of the boys, so far as they can be got. Yez all used to know Con Foley, now didn't ye? Well, Cornalius has turned policeman, donned a suit of blue, wears a big breastpin, and carries his sceptre like a second Brian Boroihme. Con's parole is in the Sixteenth Ward. Hurra, for the new policeman! but if any body ever sees Foley using his shtaff, we'll have him court-martialed, sure pop!

MIKE TRAINOR is said to be seriously ill, and not expected ever to recover. Poor Mike! after braving death in a thousand ways, thus to be laid on a bed of sickness, is hard indeed.

HOW ARE YOU, NED PRICE?—We are glad to hear that Coburn's old opponent is doing first-rate as Generalissimo of some fine hotels in Washington. Go it, Nedwin, my boy.

OFF AGAIN.—Little McCort, *alias* the Yankee Boy, who contended with Lewy Bennett (Deerfoot) previous to his leaving for England, called at our office last Friday, and requested us to let the boys know he is going a second time to fight for our good old flag. Mac went out first with the Fire Zouaves under Col. Ellsworth, and helped knock the Black Horse Cavalry higher than a kite. His second enlistment was with the Second Metropolitan Regiment, of this city, commanded by Col. Curry, and he is in Co. E, Capt. Allair. John Woods, also known as the Yankee Boy, who fought Geo. King, had a turn-up with Crowe, challenged Ned Price and the Benicia Boy, is in the same regiment. Bravo both! We always take pleasure in being able to post our readers about the sports, and shall feel obliged to hear from them at any time.

STALEYBRIDGE INFANT IN TOWN.—This high and mighty bruiser (from Bosting—not the English Staleybridge) is rusticating around the various sporting houses of this city. Big thing!

JOHN WOODS A PROVOST MARSHALL.—This noted member of the P. R., has been appointed to the above office at Staten Island, where his regiment, the Second Metropolitan, is encamped. John is likewise Orderly Sergeant to one of the companies. Woodsy is just the man for pegging at the rebel officers because they can never get on his blind side—no matter where they come from, he'll have his eye on 'em, sure. We pity old Stonewall Jackson if John ever gets within rifle shot of him.

SPARRING IN BOSTON.—On Friday evening, Sept. 12th, a sparring exhibition took place at the National Theatre, Boston, and notwithstanding the weather was unpleasant, it was fully attended, and Johnny Morrissey, the beneficiarie, has good reason to thank the amateurs and professors of the manly art, for the support they gave him in getting up one of the best pugilistic displays seen there for some time. Professor Taylor, as Master of Ceremonies, conducted the affair in his usual humorous style. The sports of the evening were participated in by Johnny Morrissey, of Boston, Barney Aaron and brother, John Colbert, Liverpool Pet, Young McCauley, John Shea, Jones, of South Boston, John Cain, Young, of East Boston, T. Stover, H. McLaughlin, and James Bifin, who each acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of their friends. The best show of the evening was the "wind-up" between James Coffee, of 423 Harrison avenue, and Careless Boy, of the National Theatre Saloon. The former sparred under the disadvantage of having a lame hand, notwithstanding which it was a splendid give-and-take set-to, and drew forth considerable of applause. As a whole, the affair reflected credit on every man that donned the gloves.

## BALL PLAY.

**GREAT GAME OF CROQUET.**

JUST RECEIVED.

Also, ARCHERY, BASE BALL, CRICKET, and other Implements and Games for exercise and amusement, on hand and for sale at HINRICHS',
29-3t 150 Broadway, up stairs.

### MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

ANOTHER GRAND MATCH AT BROOKLYN.—On Wednesday, Sept. 24th, the return game between the Mutual and Eckford Clubs takes place on the Union Grounds, and as it is an important match in its results to the Mutuals, we presume they will put their best foot foremost on the occasion, and hence we may expect a fine game.

On the 29th, the third game between the Mutuals and Atlantics will be played on the Union Ground.

HARLEM VS. ATLANTIC.—These clubs played together for the first time this season on the Harlem Grounds, Mount Morris, on Sept. 16th, the Atlantics winning by a score of 27 to 12 in a game of nine innings. The Harlems had a good nine on hand and played well, and the Atlantics were well represented though they did not have either Start, Oliver, or M. O'Brien. Mace pitched in place of the latter, and the play of Crane at 2d base was such as to render the absence of Oliver, who usually fills the position, unnoticeable, and Simonson played finely at 1st base which is now Start's place. Of the Harlems, Birdsall's play as pitcher was excellent, also the catching of Hudson and the first and third base play of Marsh and Rooney; Graft, as short stop, was also efficient, as were the other players of the nine in their respective positions. Of the Atlantics, the positions in the field were all well played, but those of the outer might have been better attended to. Not a change was made in the positions of either of the nines throughout the match, nor was a single decision of the umpire objected to, he being the right man for the position. In batting, Hudson of the Harlem did the best on his side, scoring the only home run of the match, Graff's being the second best score. Of the Atlantics, Crane, Chapman, and Joe Oliver, made the best scores, although Smith did the best batting. The full score given below gives all further particulars:

BATTING.

| ATLANTIC. | H.L. | RUNS. | HARLEM. | H.L. | RUNS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pearce, c | 4 | 2 | Hudson, c | 4 | 3 |
| Smith, 3d b | 2 | 3 | Birdsall, p | 4 | 1 |
| Joe Oliver, c f | 3 | 4 | Marsh, 1st b | 4 | 1 |
| P O'Brien, s s | 3 | 2 | Page, l f | 3 | 1 |
| Sebert, r f | 4 | 3 | Rooney, 3d b | 4 | 1 |
| Crane, 2d b | 2 | 4 | Graff, s s | 1 | 3 |
| Mace, p | 3 | 3 | Colgate, c f | 4 | 0 |
| Simonson, 1st b | 4 | 2 | Thompson, r f | 3 | 1 |
| Chapman, l f | 2 | 4 | Freeborn, 2d b | 3 | 1 |
| Total | 27 | | Total | 12 | |

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

| | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atlantic | 5 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 7—27 |
| Harlem | 1 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2—12 |

FIELDING.

| | Fly. | B'nd. | Base. | Total. | | Fly. | B'nd. | Base. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pearce | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Hudson | 2 | 2 | 0 | 4 |
| Smith | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Birdsall | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| Joe Oliver | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Marsh | 2 | 0 | 6 | 8 |
| P O'Brien | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | Page | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 |
| Sebert | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Rooney | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| Crane | 0 | 1 | 4 | 5 | Graff | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Mace | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | Colgate | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Simonson | 1 | 1 | 11 | 13 | Thompson | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Chapman | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | Freeborn | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 5 | 6 | 15 | 26 | Totals | 5 | 11 | 9 | 25 |

HOW PUT OUT.

| | Fly | B'd | Base 1st | Base 2d | Base 3d | Foul | | Fly | B'd | Base 1st | Base 2d | Base 3d | Foul |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pearce | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Hudson | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Smith | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Birdsall | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Joe Oliver | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Marsh | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| P O'Brien | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Page | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Sebert | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | Rooney | 0 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Crane | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Graff | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Mace | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Colgate | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Simonson | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | Thompson | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Chapman | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Freeborn | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 2 | 8 | 8 | 0 | 2 | 5 | Totals | 3 | 5 | 11 | 4 | 0 | 3 |

Passed balls—Pearce, 6; Hudson, 9.
Home runs—Hudson, 1.
Struck out—Chapman, 1; Mace, 1; Birdsall, 1.
Fly catches missed—Rooney, 1; Freeborn, 1; Smith, 1.
Bound catches missed—Hudson, 1; Pearce, 1; Smith, 1; Oliver, 1.
Left on bases—Pearce, 1; Smith, 2; O'Brien, 2; Chapman, 1.
Time of game—two hours and forty-five minutes.
Umpire—A B Taylor, of the Mutuals.

### THE GRAND MATCH
*FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.*
THE ECKFORDS VICTORIOUS AND THE CHAMPIONS.
A Fine Contest and a Remarkably Small Score.
A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR SHOWN.

Shortly after the matches played between the picked nine of Philadelphia and the selected nines of the Eastern and Western Districts of Brooklyn, in June last, we suggested to the players of the two districts, that they arrange a series of contests between them, to be played on the Union Ball Grounds, the proceeds of which should be applied for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission. This suggestion was adopted, and under the auspices of the President of the Union Association, and Mr. Wood, the President of the Continental club of Brooklyn, assisted by the Eckford club, a series of grand matches were arranged to take place between the Eckford club of the Eastern district, and the Atlantics of the Western, the trophy of victory being a splendid Silver Ball, which was liberally presented by the Continental club, the same to be considered the trophy of the Championship for 1862, as between the Atlantic and Eckford clubs, to be permanently held in possession by the club winning two out of three of the games.

On Friday, July 11th, the first contest took place, the result being a well-earned victory for the Eckfords, by a score of 20 to 14. On Monday, July 21st, the second game of the series was played, the result, this time, being the overwhelming defeat of the Eckfords by the surprising score of 39 to 5.

In both these games, Mills was the pitcher on the Eckford side, and though he discharged the duties of the position ably, nevertheless, the club determined to await the return of Sprague, their regular pitcher, before they played the third game. It was not, therefore, until Thursday, September 18th, that the third and last game of the series took place, and the result of this last game was more surprising than was that of the previous one, as the Atlantics were defeated by the remarkable score of 8 to 3, in a game of nine innings, a score only equalled by that in the match between the Unions and Excelsiors in 1860, which stood 7 to 4.

In this last match, while the Atlantics presented one of the best nines they have ever brought into a match, the Eckfords had to substitute a player for Wood, their regular second base man, who was absent through mistaking the date of the match. This the Eckfords considered as a drawback, and it led their opponents to feel quite sanguine of success, and themselves to regard their chances of victory less than they otherwise would have been. We think, however, that, as it happened, his absence was rather a benefit than otherwise, as it left the Eckfords something to fall back upon in case of defeat, and gave them more to win and less to lose, and consequently they went into the game less anxious and more cool and collected than they probably would have done had they had their full and strongest nine out. This having something in reserve in case of disaster, is an element of success, whether in the mimic battles of the ball ground or of those where armies strive for glory.

Great as the interest was that had been manifested in the two previous games, the desire to witness the last match was such as to draw together the largest assemblage known in the annals of the game. For an hour or more before the time appointed for commencing the game, all the avenues leading to the grounds were occupied with streams of people proceeding to witness the match, every car on the routes that passed near by being crowded to excess with passengers. The weather was propitious for the occasion, and hence, in a measure, the vast collection of spectators. At a very moderate estimate, there must have been, by 4 o'clock, at least 10,000 people in and around the grounds. The large area the ground occupies was encircled, on three sides of it, by a crowd of spectators three and four deep, and behind these were numberless vehicles, all being filled with standing occupants, who viewed the scene over the heads of those on the street in front of them. On the ground, the building set apart for lady visitors was crowded with the fair ones of the district, and every available seat and even standing place around the field was occupied by the eager spectators. Notwithstanding the crowd, however, the players had a fair field, the arrangements being such as to prevent any encroachment on the space allotted to the contestants. Indeed, we never saw a clearer field or better order preserved at a match than on this occasion, and great credit is due to President Cammeyer for the excellent arrangements he made to have the game played to a successful and creditable termination, as it was.

After the preliminaries had been settled, such as tossing for the innings and choosing the umpire—Mr. E. Brown of the Mutual club acting in that capacity—the game was commenced, the Atlantics going to the bat at 2.45 P. M., Smith being their first representative. Sprague pitched on the Eckford side, and Reach played in Wood's position at 2d base, Smith—Wood's substitute—playing at right field. The attention of every spectator was turned to the players when the game opened, every movement being closely watched by the many interested individuals present whose dollars had been invested on the result. The betting fraternity, the moment they learned of the absence of Wood from the Eckford nine, backed up the Atlantics freely at the odds of two to one, and in one or two instances three to one. The Eckfords themselves felt anything but confident as to the game terminating in their favor. They were, however, well

supported by their followers, in the way of betting, the odds offered being very readily accepted.

FIRST INNINGS.

Smith opened play by hitting a foul ball which was not caught, after which he sent the ball swiftly to 3d base, but Mills stopped it well, and forwarded it in time to Campbell at 1st, to send Smith back. Pearce made a similar hit, and the ball being equally well attended to, he retired also—two out and no run. P. O'Brien then hit the ball well to Devyr, at short field, who failing to handle it in time, Peter was enabled to secure his 1st. M. O'Brien was next, and by a fine grounder to right field, secured his 3d base and sent Peter home. He might possibly have made a home run, but safety being the order of play, he did not run the risk of a trial. Crane was the 5th striker, but was the third hand out, owing to a "skyer" he made which fell into Sprague's hands, Matty being left at 3d base, only one run being secured. The catcher's position was surrounded with a numerous delegation of Eckford followers, who made the air resound with their yells and cheers whenever an opponent was put out, or a run secured by the Eckford nine. The Eckfords now sent in Mills to the bat, and he hit the ball well towards 3d base, but Smith was in capital trim for play and of course stopped it in fine style, and it reached Start at 1st base before Mills did. Manolt was second out, on a tip, and Campbell third from a fine piece of fielding of M. O'Brien's, he stopping the "hot one" Campbell sent him, beautifully, throwing it to Start in time to send Campbell back and finish the innings, the total figures being 1 to 0.

2D INNINGS.

In this innings Mace led off, on the Atlantic side, by striking out, the ball being passed to 1st base by the catcher, from his failing to take it on the bound. Oliver followed with a foul ball, which was well taken on the bound by Mills, after which Start made his 1st by a good hit towards left field and working his way round to his 3d, got home on a wild throw of Beach's to Mills. Chapman then hit a fine grounder to left field, on which he made his 2d easily, and by Smith's hit to 2d base, reached his 3d, but there he was left, as Beach fielded Smith's ball well to 1st, thus closing the innings, Smith being 3d hand out, an addition of one run being the result. Spence led off on the Eckford side, with a fine hit to centre field, Crane being too far out to take it either on the fly or bound. Reach followed suit with a good one to right field, which yielded him his 2d base, and sent Spence home, Mace muffing the ball a little in the field. Beach then hit the ball finely to short field, but P. O'Brien stopped it splendidly, the result being that Beach was "out on the 1st." Sprague was next, and he also favored Charley with a "hot one," which he stopped as well as he had the previous ball, but Sprague managed to get to the 1st before the ball. Reach was at his 3d, which a passed ball had given him, when Devyr hit a splendid grounder to right field, which brought home Reach and Sprague, and gave Devyr his 3d, amidst the deafening applause of the Eckford's friends. Smith was the sixth striker, and he hit a "skyer" to his left, which was a sure catch for Charley, (Smith), and his ball, but both the O'Briens ran in to get it, and between the three it touched the ground a second time before it was held, Smith joyfully making his 1st by the operation, the close proximity of the players with the ball in hand keeping Devyr on his 3d. Mills followed Smith, but was finely put out at 1st by Charley and Start, Devyr getting home in the interim. Manolt was next, and sent the ball sharply to Matty O'Brien, he missing it on the bound, and Peter throwing it wildly to 1st. Manolt reached his 3d, sending home Smith before him, but there Manolt was left, as Campbell was splendidly caught on the fly by Mace, at right field, thus closing the innings, the result being 5 runs, and the total figures 5 to 2. This was encouraging to the Eckfords, and they began to feel the effects of it, as will be shown by the details of the following innings.

THIRD INNINGS.

Pearce and P. O'Brien were easily put out on the fly in this innings by Devyr and Mills, after which Matty O'Brien hit a beautiful grounder to centre field, which easily gave him his 1st, and by a passed ball he secured his 3d; but Crane's long hit ball to centre field was well attended to by Spence, on the bound, and this closed the innings, the result being the first blank for the Atlantics. Spence led off on the Eckford side, but was finely put out on the fly by Crane, at centre field. Reach then secured his first by a good grounder to 3d base, after which Beach was finely put out at 1st by Smith's excellent fielding of the ball to Start. Sprague again made his 1st by a good hit, and afterwards reached his 2d, previously sending Reach home; but an excellent bound catch by Crane, off Devyr's bat, closed the innings, the score being one run, and the totals 6 to 2.

FOURTH INNINGS.

In this innings Mace was neatly caught out on a tip bound by Beach, and Oliver also, the latter barely escaping striking out, as he had struck twice when he slightly tipped the ball, the cry of foul by the umpire not being heard by the scorers. Start hit a high ball towards right field, but Spence ran well in for it and took it on the bound, amidst the cheers of the crowd, as it caused the Atlantics to score another blank. J. Smith led off on the Eckford side with a fine grounder, which Peter O'Brien failed to attend to properly, and Smith made his 1st base. An over pitch of Matty's sent him to his second, after which Mills secured his 1st by a good hit to 3d, which was finely attended to by Charley, but scarcely in time, although it was a close thing at 1st. Manolt followed with a high ball, which M. O'Brien ran to get on the fly, but it glanced from his hands; after he had secured it, he threw it to 2d to cut off Manolt, but Oliver let it slip through his hands, whereby Smith got home, and Manolt secured his 2d, and Mills his 3d. Campbell was then put out at 1st base by Smith and Start, Mills getting home in the interim, and Spence was again caught out on the fly in fine style by Crane, and Reach by Matty, from a good bound catch swift from the bat, the score of the innings being 2, and the total figures 8 to 2. Eckford stock was now well up in the market, and those who had been so free with their 2 to 1 bets were trying to hedge, so as to be on the safe side. The Atlantics, though annoyed and astonished at the result thus far, felt confident of regaining the lead they had started with "in an innings or two," and therefore, though they began to get a little warm, they went on striving for victory as manfully as ever.

FIFTH INNINGS.

This important innings was a profitless one to both parties. Smith secured his 2d base by a good hit to left field, after Chapman had been caught out on the fly; Pearce going out on the bound, and P. O'Brien striking out, left him on his 3d. On the Eckford side, Beach was beautifully caught on the fly from a line ball by Smith, and Sprague equally well on the bound by M. O'Brien. Devyr was then missed by a foul fly by Matty, after which he made his 1st by a fine hit to centre field, but was well put out at 2d base by P. O'Brien, the ball from J. Smith's bat being well fielded to Peter by Oliver, Smith being left on his 1st.

SIXTH INNINGS.

This innings was similar to the other in its results, neither party troubling the scorers to mark their tallies. On the Atlantic side, Mace secured his 3d by a missed fly catch of J. Smith's at right field, but there he was left, M. O'Brien and Crane having gone out before him, Oliver following on the fly by Devyr. On the Eckford side, Manolt, after Smith and Mills had gone out on foul balls, secured his 1st by hitting the ball close to home base, but Campbell tipped out before he could reach his 3d.

SEVENTH INNINGS.

Both parties again drew blanks in this innings, although the Atlantics expected to make that rally that has hitherto brought them out of many a tight spot in their matches, but somehow or other they did not succeed in hitting Sprague's pitching as well as they thought they would, the cries of "foul" and "two strikes" by the Umpire being far more familiar to them in this match than pleasant. Start began by tipping out; Chapman retired on the bound, and Smith failed to reach his 1st base before the ball that Mills threw there so accurately. On the Eckford side, Charley failed to take the chance for a fly catch that Spence gave him, and Spence secured his 1st in consequence, and, by a wild throw of Oliver's, his 3d, Oliver having changed places with Crane. Reach also secured his 1st in consequence of Crane letting the ball pass him that the former hit to right field. But Beach and Sprague went out on foul balls, finely attended to by Smith on the fly, and Crane, having gone back to centre field, ended the innings by putting out Devyr on the fly in fine style, Spence being left on his 3d and Reach on his 2d.

EIGHTH INNINGS.

The contest was now intensely exciting, as there were but two more innings to play, and the score was still 8 to 2. The idea of such a nine as the Atlantics had, being put out for two runs in 7 innings, was something neither their friends nor their opponents could understand. The small score, too, was doubly annoying, not only as an indication of the final result, but also from the fact that it was less than half of what they had laughed so much at the Eckfords for, since the previous match. It now became as much a trial to exceed that score of 5, as it was to win, and what between the fear of the loss of the game, and of being put out for such a small score, they became exceedingly anxious about their play, and consequently lost much of that coolness which is such an element of success. Pearce began play in this innings, and he hit a perfect beauty to short field, but Devyr fielded it pluckily and sent it in time to 1st, much to the annoyance of Dickey, whose score was less than he had ever before known it to be. P. O'Brien tried a good one towards 3d base, but "that fellow Mills" was in the way, and Peter touched his base a moment after the ball had been held on it by Campbell, whose fine play on the base was a feature of the fielding on the Eckford side, as was that of Mills at 3d. Two hands were now out and no runs made, and Matty O'Brien thought it was high time to do some batting, and accordingly he hit a fine grounder to right field, and made his 1st, Crane also followed suit with a good bounding ball to the same place, Crane securing his first and Matty his 3d thereby. Mace was next, and had struck twice at the ball, when Matty, finding his chances slim for a run, took the risk of Beach's putting him out at home base, and stole in, barely saving himself by sliding in, his feet touching the base just before the ball came down on him, Sprague handling it well, Beach throwing it in high. This broke the ice, but the run secured was but the 3d on the Atlantic side, and three more were wanted to exceed the former score of the Eckfords, and six to win in this match. Mace had one more strike left, but he hit the ball too close to Devyr, and the result was his being out at 1st, Crane being left on his 3d. On the Eckford side, Smith went out on the bound, well taken by Charley, after which Mills, by a fine grounder to left field, made his 2d, and Manolt again secured his first, for the third time, by a miscatch, P. O'Brien, this time, dropping the ball. Campbell followed with a "skyer," to his right, which Matty ran to get, seeing which, Manolt ran for his second, trusting to another miscatch, but Start got the start of him, and taking the ball before Matty could get to it, ran back to 1st with it, thereby putting out Manolt on a double play, Mills being left on his 3d base. This closed the 8th innings, the total figures being now 8 to 3. In this innings M. O'Brien tried the experiment of bowling full pitches, round arm delivery, which brought forth a call for judgment as to such being fair pitching. Of course it was allowed as fair, as bowling is nothing but pitching, the term bowling being given it from the ball being bowled on the ground, that is, touching the ground before it reaches the bat, and the rule in base ball only prohibits throwing and jerking the ball.

NINTH INNINGS.

Now came the last chance the Atlantics had to redeem themselves, and save a disastrous defeat, and Oliver was the first to go in to obtain the requisite number of runs. By a good hit to 3d base he secured his 1st, and Start's good batting sent him to 2d, and gave Start his 1st; so far well and good. But Oliver, thinking he saw a chance to slip to 3d, while the ball was being passed to 2d and back—and muffed a little on the way—ran for his 3d, but though he slipped in well, he failed to touch the base before the ball touched him, at least such was the opinion of the umpire, and he was the sole judge in the matter. At any rate it was so close a point that it would have been fair perhaps to have decided it in, but the custom of giving the ball the benefit of the doubt in such cases, led to his being decided out, and Oliver retired. Start had in the interim made his 2d, and was anxiously awaiting a good hit from Chapman to send him home, but Chapman hit the ball too near to Campbell, and so was put out at 1st. Smith was the next striker and everything now depended upon him, but this time he failed to hit the ball as well as he usually does, and giving an easy chance to Mills on the fly, he retired, leaving Start on the 2d. A perfect storm of shouts and applause followed, and it was some minutes before order could be restored. The Eckfords then went in for their last innings, but for the fifth time in succession they were put out without scoring a run, by the excellent fielding of P. O'Brien to Start at 1st base, and a brilliant fly tip catch by Pearce, the best of the match, the total figures being the same as at the close of the 8th innings, viz, 8 to 3.

Thus terminated this exciting contest and highly interesting series of games, the result being the temporary retirement of the Atlantics as the champion ball club. We say temporary, because, from the indomitable pluck hitherto shown by that club, we presume they will not remain another season without trying their utmost to regain the title they have lost; and if they devote as much attention to practice and to the deserving of success as their enterprising rivals, they will no doubt achieve it. We have no doubt but that the Atlantics will have a nine next season that will trouble any in the country to defeat.

Of the play on the occasion, our details gave such particular account of it that any further reference is unnecessary, but we must say that Pearce, Smith, and Start, of the Atlantics, and Sprague, Beach, Mills, Campbell, and Spence, of the Eckfords, never played better than they did in this match, and though neither club, apparently, were on their batting, whatever deficiency there was in that respect, was counterbalanced by the excellence of the fielding.

Mr. Brown discharged the onerous duties of umpire in an able and thoroughly impartial manner. Every decision he gave on the 1st base we thought perfectly correct, and the two close ones at home and 3d base were as fair as could have been given without showing partiality. The following is the full score of the game:—

BATTING.

| ATLANTIC. | H. L. | RUNS. | ECKFORD. | H. L. | RUNS. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith, 3d b | 4 | 0 | Mills, 3d b | 3 | 1 |
| Pearce, c | 4 | 0 | Manolt, l f | 2 | 0 |
| P O'Brien, s s | 3 | 1 | Campbell, 1st b | 6 | 0 |
| M O'Brien, p | 1 | 1 | Spence, c f | 2 | 1 |
| Crane, c f | 3 | 0 | Reach, 2d b | 2 | 2 |
| Mace, r f | 3 | 0 | Beach, c | 5 | 0 |
| Oliver, 2d b | 4 | 0 | Sprague, p | 2 | 1 |
| Start, 1st b | 2 | 1 | Devyr, s s | 3 | 1 |
| Chapman l f | 3 | 0 | Smith, r f | 2 | 2 |
| Total | | 3 | Total | | 8 |

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

| | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atlantic | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0—3 |
| Gotham | 0 | 5 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—8 |

FIELDING.

| | Fly. | B'nd. | Base. | Total. | | Fly. | B'nd. | Base. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 4 | 1 | 0 | 5 | Mills | 2 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Pearce | 1 | 3 | 0 | 4 | Manolt | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| P O'Brien | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | Campbell | 0 | 0 | 8 | 8 |
| M O'Brien | 0 | 2 | 0 | 2 | Spence | 1 | 2 | 0 | 3 |
| Crane | 3 | 1 | 0 | 4 | Reach | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Mace | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Beach | 0 | 3 | 0 | 3 |
| Oliver | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Sprague | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 |
| Start | 1 | 0 | 9 | 10 | Devyr | 2 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| Chapman | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Smith | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | 10 | 7 | 10 | 27 | Total | 7 | 8 | 10 | 25 |

HOW PUT OUT.

| | Fly | Bd | Base 1st | Base 2d | Base 3d | Foul | | Fly | B'd | Base 1st | Base 2d | Base 3d | Foul |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smith | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Mills | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Pearce | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Manolt | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| P O'Brien | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Campbell | 2 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| M O'Brien | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Spence | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Crane | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Reach | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Mace | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Beach | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Oliver | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | Sprague | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Start | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Devyr | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Chapman | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Smith | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Totals | 7 | 5 | 8 | 0 | 1 | 4 | Totals | 6 | 4 | 9 | 1 | 0 | 7 |

Passed balls—Beach, 3; Pearce, 1.
Struck out—Mace, 1; P O'Brien, 1.
Fly catches missed—Beach, 1; J Smith, 1; Pearce, 1; P O'Brien, 1; M O'Brien, 2; Smith, 1.
Bound catches missed—M O'Brien, 1.
Left on bases—Mills, 1; Manolt, 3; Spence, 2; Reach, 1; Sprague, 1; J Smith, 1; Smith, 1; Chapman, 1; M O'Brien, 2; Crane, 1; Mace, 1; Start, 1.
Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.
Umpire—E Brown, of the Mutual.
Scorers—Messrs Grum and Moore.

At the close of the game the two nines and their friends were invited to partake of a fine collation which was served up in the club rooms, and amidst the flow of champagne, and under influence of the good things set before them, the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed, and a mutual interchange of friendly sentiments was had, during which cheers for the two clubs were given by each other with hearty good will; after which, President Wood, of the Continental club, in a neat and appropriate speech, presented the silver trophy of the occasion to Mr. Jenkins, the worthy President of the Eckford club, that gentleman making a due response thereto. Three hearty cheers were then given for the Continental club, and President Cammeyer, of the Eastern District, to whom the ball players are much indebted for his exertions to promote the interests of their game. Finally, all joined in giving three rousing cheers for "Little Mac," the best (cannon) ball player in the country.

The gold pin, given by the Eckfords to the player of their nine who made the best score, was awarded to Reach.

The following are the scores of the matches played between the Atlantic and Eckford clubs since 1858.

| | *Atlantic.* | *Eckford.* |
|---|---|---|
| July 8th, 1859 | 25 | 15 |
| September 8th, 1859 | 16 | 22 |
| October 12th, 1859 | 22 | 12 |
| October 15th, 1860 | 14 | 10 |
| October 22d, 1860 | 15 | 20 |
| October 29th, 1860 | 20 | 11 |
| July 11th, 1862 | 14 | 20 |
| July 11th, 1862 | 39 | 5 |
| September 18th, 1862 | 3 | 8 |
| Total | 168 | 123 |

# CRICKET.

NEWARK VS WILLOW.—These clubs play their first match together on the Willow grounds, at Bedford, L. I., on Thursday next, Sept. 24th.

MANHATTAN VS EAST WILLIAMSBURGH.—The return game between these clubs will be played on the grounds of the latter, on Tuesday, Sept. 22d. Stages from the ferry go by the grounds.

NEW YORK VS WILLOW.—The return game between these clubs came off on the New York grounds at Hoboken, on Thursday, Sept. 18th, the result being a victory for the New Yorkers by a score of 103 to 72, the score of the first innings by which the game was decided. Being obliged to report the grand match for the Championship at Brooklyn the same day, we are unable to comment in detail on the play on the occasion. We must, therefore, refer to the score for the particulars:

| NEW YORK. | | WILLOW. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sharp b Pierce | 5 | Torrence b Bailliere | 0 |
| Hudson c Lindsay b Ham'nd | 11 | Rawlins b Bailliere | 3 |
| Higham b Hammond | 4 | Gisborne b Bailliere | 0 |
| Bailliere c Strachan b Ham'nd | 9 | Pierce b Marsh | 16 |
| Byron c Strachan b Pierce | 27 | Hammond run out | 26 |
| Marsh c Gisborne b Ham'nd | 0 | Strachan l b w b Marsh | 0 |
| Lester c Lindsay b Pierce | 6 | Lindsay b Marsh | 3 |
| Tyler b Hammond | 7 | Jolly l b w b Marsh | 0 |
| Shaw b Hammond | 1 | Terry run out | 1 |
| Parkins c and b Hammond | 10 | Scrivener not out | 4 |
| Hazard not out | 4 | Littlejohn b Bailliere | 1 |
| Byes 3, leg byes 4, wides 12 | 19 | Bye 1, leg byes 2, wides 15 | 18 |
| Total | 103 | Total | 72 |

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

| | *Balls.* | *Runs.* | *Maidens.* | *Wickets.* | *Wides.* | *No Balls.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hammond | 85 | 42 | 1 | 7 | 7 | – |
| Pierce | 84 | 42 | 3 | 3 | 5 | – |
| Bailliere | 96 | 25 | 7 | 4 | 10 | – |
| Marsh | 96 | 27 | 2 | 4 | 5 | – |

Umpires—S. Wright and J. Miller.

Now, Boys, one hundred groans for the enemies of Gen. Mc Clellan in our midst. Oo:oo—ooo!

# THE TURF.

## BOSTON RACES.

BOSTON VS. CANADA.

As a sort of wind-up to the eastern turf campaign, a "Fall meeting" commenced on the 18th, on the Franklin Park Course. Judging from the tolerable success which has thus far attended the meeting, we infer that the CLIPPER's advice has been taken in regard to turf matters in that vicinity, and that right men have been put in their right places. We are pleased to hear of the thrift of our turfites, when their "little arrangements" are conducted on the square, and are gratified to know that the races of last week were better attended than that mis-managed New-York, Boston, Philadelphia arrangement some weeks since. The race on the first day, Thursday last, was at four-mile heats, for a purse and stake of $1,200, between the horses, Mr. D. Robbins' Wagram, and the Canada horse, Verge, owned by Capt. Paynter, of the British army. Verge has been running all through Canada the past season, and has beat everything she has met. She was raised in Kentucky, and when three years old, won a mile heat there in the extraordinary time of 1:44. Wagram was also raised in Kentucky, and on the 9th of June last, at Kentucky, won a mile-heat race, making the fifth heat in 1:45¼.

The friends of the Canada horse, who "crossed the line" in considerable numbers, were brim full of confidence in reference to her success, and speculated accordingly, but were at the same time shrewd and cautious enough to get the odds in their favor, as the state of the pool betting exhibited, in which Wagram brought $30 to Verge's 17, and in the usual straight betting the quotations were from even, to 100 to 60 on Wagram. The attendance was good, and a prosperous "season" was prognosticated. The Boston *Herald* in alluding thereto, says—"The track is now in the best of hands, under the management of gentlemen who do not consider money thrown away because offered in a generous purse, more liberal than a stingy policy might dictate, in times when an ordinary person is in the habit of at least glancing at every dollar before he spends it. The arrangements for these races are all on a scale very liberal to the public, and that portion of it who can appreciate good racing, will find it for their advantage to improve the opportunity."

Supposing that the above quotation needs no qualification, then the milk in the cocoa-nut, as regards the success of the enterprise, is fully accounted for. But to the race. Considerable excitement was occasioned by the appearance of the animals, and terms of admiration and approbation were lavished freely on both. For the

FIRST HEAT.

They got a fine start, and neither horse was an inch ahead at the tap of the drum. They took it leisurely at the start, waiting for the tail end of the heat before they crowded the riding any. Wagram got a slight advantage at the first turn, and kept the lead round, coming down the stretch a length ahead. On the second mile, the colt was four lengths ahead at the quarter, but the mare had reduced the gap to a fine point at the half. Wagram held on to the lead, however, and came in on this mile a length ahead. At the first quarter again, Verge made a dash and nearly came up with the "Yankee Doodle," as some of the patriotic ones had christened Mr. Robbins' colt. On the back stretch she succeeded in lapping him, and finally it was nip and tuck as to who should lead. They went yoked to the next turn, when the mare got a neck ahead and they came in lapped. Wagram took the fourth mile by storm, got the lead at the start and kept it, sometimes a very long way ahead, and then galloping slowly till the mare came up, when he would make a dash, which showed better than anything else "how much too much" he was for her. He came in eight or ten lengths ahead, the mare backing out entirely when she found there was no show for the heat. Boston gave a shout of victory, and Canada's tail was slightly down. Wagram's friends offered $100 to $40, and a few bets were taken. Time—8:05¾; 1st mile, 2:10; 2d, 201; 3d, 1:51½; 4th, 2:03¼.

SECOND HEAT.

The horses got another good start, as even as a chalk-line could make them. There had been a change of the mare's jockeys, and she showed in front at the start, with a stride and nimbleness which led to a few even bets on the heat, though the odds on the race stayed at the old point. The colt soon got the lead, however, and came to the score on the first mile half a length ahead. At the quarter, Verge's great rallying point, she succeeded in lapping him, and they had a tussle for the lead to the half and another round the turn; but Wagram carried altogether "too many legs" and too much muscle for the gamey looking mare. She got a neck ahead occasionally, only to fall back, like the toad in the well, twice as far. Verge crossed the score at the end of the second mile, after a well managed spirt, a trifle ahead, but Wagram then got the lead and kept it through the rest of the heat, the Canadian pushing him to about his best speed, however, and keeping so close as to show that she was no fool of a mare, after all. Wagram won by half a length, and Boston shouted again, Canada showing much depression. The time was not taken by miles, unfortunately, but the heat was made in 8:01½.

SUMMARY.

FRANKLIN PARK COURSE, Sept. 18, 1862. Purse $800, inside stakes $400; four-mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| D Robbins, Boston, entered b c Wagram, 4 years old, by imp. Yorkshire, dam Topaz, 104 lbs.; color—orange jacket and white cap | 1 | 1 |
| Captain Paynter, Canada, entered b m Verge, 5 years old, by Vandal, dam by Yorkshire, 106 lbs.; color—black jacket and red cap | 2 | 2 |

Time—8:05¾; 8:01½.

SECOND DAY.

On Saturday, the second day of the races, the attendance was not quite so large, but two well contested events amply repaid those who were there for their journey to and from the Franklin Park Course. Very little betting took place previous to the starts, but afterwards "spondulicks" to a moderate amount, were invested. The first race was a sweepstakes for three-year olds, $100 entrance, track to add $200, mile and repeat. The entries were Mr. Hammond's b g Jack Horner, Mr. Hunter's ch f Miss Jessie, and Dr. Weldon's bl c Blackbird. At the pool sales Blackbird was the favorite, 3 to 1, Miss Jessie ranking second. A. Marshal rode Blackbird in the first heat and Henry Boyle in the other two; Frank Casey was Miss Jessie's jockey, and Jack Horner was rode by T. Mills. This made Blackbird carry 102lbs., twelve more than his due weight, in the first heat. The following is a report of the heats:—

FIRST HEAT.

The black had the inside, and got the best of the start, but Miss Jessie, who was third, made herself up for a good offer at the tap of the drum, and showed in front before the curious ones could hardly make up their minds which was which. Blackbird objected to this, and tried to rule it out with a killing pace of his, but Jessie "couldn't see it," and went away from him without even stopping to take up his challenge. Blackbird was after her, sometimes working had to close a gap, sometimes striding almost past, but never ahead. In coming on the home, however, the colt got the inside of the track and collared the filly. They come down to the string almost neck and neck; but Blackbird won by a neck or more. Time—1:49½. Jack Horner trailed behind at the start, and did not come into the race at all only barely saving a distance. He showed well on the track, but has not been in training, and had a poor sight. Blackbird still the favorite at about the same odds, it having been announced that by a change of jockeys his weight would be reduced to its due amount,

SECOND HEAT.

The chestnut made a bad start, but got to work very soon, and went off at a winning pace, collaring Blackbird just beyond the quarter, and then almost passing him. Blackbird's driver put on the whip, but Miss Jessie, though a little blowed, was enough for him there. Jack Horner, all this time, was sway behind, distancing himself very fast. The lead, by a trifle, alternated several times, but on the home stretch, where muscle and science always tell, the colt conetantly gained, till he reached the score two lengths ahead. Jack Horner was distanced. Time—1:48.

THIRD HEAT.

Blackbird was now the favorite at large odds. Jessie got the lead, and was a length ahead at the quarter, speeding beautifully, and the other running gamely. The black collared the filly on entering the back stretch, and after a little joggling, they got neck and neck for a pretty run to the turn. The black finally went ahead and kept the lead to the string, winning by four lengths, in 1:51½.

SUMMARY.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Da. J. W. Weldon entered blk. c. Blackbird, by imp. Albion; colors—scarlet and black | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| J. Hunter entered ch. f. Miss Jessie, by Revenue; colors—blue and white stripe | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| S, Hammond entered b. g. Jack Horner, by Balrownie; colors—lemon and white | 3 | 3 dis | |

Time—1:49½; 1:48; 1:51½.

THE SECOND RACE was a single dash of two miles, for a race of two miles, for a purse of $200, free for all ages. The entries were as follows:—

Mr. Stoddard entered b. g. Blazing Star, of Canada, 5 years old, 106 lbs.; colors, scarlet.

Dr. Weldon entered b. m. Bettie Ward, by Lexington; 5 yrs. old, 111 lbs.; colors, red and maroon.

Mr. H. E. Bartot entered b. c. Hillsborough, 4 years old by Stockwell; 104 lbs.; colors, black and white.

C. Poole rode the Canada horse, Marshall the mare, and Boyle the colt.

Bettie showed in front after a good start, the colt right after her, and the gelding not far behind. They went in a string down the back stretch, when Canada began to trail away behind, and the others to close.

Bettie made the first mile in 1:56½, Hillsborough so close up as to show he meant to know all that was going on. Then came as pretty running as one often sees. Hillsborough yoked the mare at the quarter, and they kept as close together through the rest of the heat as any gentleman's matched span. Only one horse was visible to those who were on the ground. They came down the home at a tremendous pace, close together, neither gaining an inch on the other, though whip and spur were plied. They came to the score in this way, some swearing one was ahead, and some said the other, but all who stood near the string saw it was a dead heat, end so the judges declared it. Time, 3:50. The Canada horse did nothing, and was distanced.

On the second trial Bettie got the lead and kept it through the heat, though closely challenged several times by the colt. She won easily by four or five lengths, in 4:03¼. The first mile was made in 1:53½.

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 191.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Garrison Games at Toronto began on the 19th, and had some items of a musical or dramatic order.

Max Strakosch has at length "persuaded" Gottschalk the Great to overcome his scruples, and visit Boston (Suffolk county) early in October.

Miss Kate Fisher is performing among the towns near Boston, and soon leaves "for England, ho!"

Mrs. Emma Bascomb, formerly Mrs. Skerrett, was divorced from her husband, on the 20th, in the Supreme Judicial Court, Boston, upon the ground of desertion.

The Alleghanians were at Halifax, N. S., on the 15th.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, England, under the management of Mr. Henderson, seems to have caused a revolution in the feelings of the theatrical community there. The old Amphitheatre, which for years has gone on in the old jog trot style under bye-gone management, is superseded by this lesser, but more elegant and spiritedly conducted Theatre. The best proof to show that such a place was much required is, that it is nightly crammed, the manager keeping up a constant excitement with new attractions. The stars for the month of July were Mr. Phelps and Miss Marriott. The past month has brought out the Nelson Sisters, who appeared some two years ago at Mr. Brougham's Theatre, and afterwards at Niblo's Garden, New York. They have made wonderful progress in their profession, and as burlesque actresses they stand alone in this country. Their success here has been in the usual theatrical parlance "triumphant;" the box office being beseiged for seats not obtainable under a week in advance. They have as yet only appeared in The Invisible Prince, hut they are underlined to appear in *Ganim* and the operetta *Marriage aux Lanternes*. The stars engaged for the autumn and spring comprise Mr. Sothern (Lord Dundreary), Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Robson, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Toole, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr. D. Murray, a new Irish comedian, with hosts of lesser material, so it is evident that Manager Henderson intends keeping the ball rolling.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP, 42 King street, Cov. Garden, London, Aug. 29.—With London west of Regent street, theoretically empty, with Pump Court as hushed as Hecatempylos before the infidel English had made the land above the third cataract as familiar as Herne Bay, and with Westminster Hall as silent as the tomb of the Capulets, the theatres have still been crowded, and theatrical ardour, in spite of the homœopathic maxim and the weather, has been maintained at fever point. Englishmen have been journeying forth like wandering Savoyards, to climb up mountains, ford rivers, and do, in a phrase, whatever is difficult and disagreeable. The clubs are given up to the dominion of two or three literary men and officers on half-pay, who contest authority with an elderly female of forbidding aspect, who is there to clean. Carpets are up at the law libraries, and everything, as far as London proper is concerned, is in that transition state which forbodes that reign of chaos which sets in when wives are at the sea side. Already cabs in slow, if not solemn, procession, laden with what Homer would have called "mountains" of luggage, and vastly resembling in form some of Mr. Calcott's Alpine crags, betoken that the female army of London is on the move, and then, ere a week has elapsed, what dreams may come—dust, duns and dirt, cold mutton, smoky chimneys, insolent domestics, and that everlasting charwoman; but the prospect is too awful to be considered, and the fiat of fashion having gone forth, it must be obeyed.

In the deserted state of the clubs, with Cockney and literary London at the seaside, or, full of projects to see the wonders of Egypt or Old Nile, to run "through Norway with a knapsack"—to drink deep inspirations of travel from the Wetterhorn, or the Matterhorn, or any other horn—that may be heard on the hill—or at the Alpine Club—with a commercial intent, to seek the banks of the Rhine—or with a thirsty one, to try the Moselle—to seek character in the "Low Countries," or to seek the famous "elm" that Luther rested at before he went to Worms, or with some similar project—gossip for the week is all but hushed. Mr. Falconer has secured the Princess's Theatre from Mr. Webster, and will try to exchange with M. Fechter, who has leased the Lyceum, so that the right man may be eventually found in the right place, negotiations being now pending. Mr. Byron is engaged to write the pantomime for Covent Garden; Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Oxenford are writing a libretto for a new opera by Mr. Benedict; Mr. Balfe and Mr. Wallace are similarly engaged, the libretto for the former being furnished by Mr. Bridgeman, for the latter by Mr. Planche, the title being "Love among the Roses." Of these three operas, the two last will most probably be produced this season under the Pyne and Harrison management. And this is really all the merely theatrical gossip of the week.

The Dramatic College management are arranging a Shakesperean Tercentenary in April 1864, by the aid of their secretary, Mr. Anson, a special fete which is to as much outvie the jubilee of Garrick as increased knowledge, increased resources, and veneration for the poet who was not "for an age, but for all time," can make it. Mr. Tennyson is to write an ode. All the most eminent tragedians are to take part in the tableau illustrative of the poet's works; all the most eminent musicians of the world are to be united to grace the occasion with contributions worthy of the event. The proceedings are to last a week, are to be conducted at the Crystal Palace, and are in every sense to be designed on a scale of great magnitude and dignity. It will be desirable, therefore, that those who feel interested in such a celebration should co-operate, and especially that literary men, and gentlemen who by their attainments would confer honor and lustre on the occasion, should not hold themselves aloof. It would be intolerable to have less than unanimity at such a festival, and, on the other hand, it is desirable that the influence of the most disinterested taste and scholarly judgments of the age should be brought to bear on it, and make it in some respects worthy the nation and the bard in whose honor it is designed.

Miss Lotty Hough is engaged at Drury Lane, and opens on Monday next in one of her old farces rewritten, I believe, by Mr. Dion Boucicault.

Among Mr. Fechter's company, I hear, are Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mathews, Mr. T. P. Cooke, (who will spin a nautical yarn in an arm chair), Miss Carlotta LeClerq, Harry Widdicombe, I. G. Shore, Mr. Phelps and Miss Helen Faucit. P.

Unsworth and Eugene are now in greater favor than ever in London, and have just been re-engaged for six months at the Oxford and Canterbury. Unsworth's stump speech is a bit of acting that pleases the Britons more than such things usually please them. The Americans in London are having a good time among themselves; there being quite a large number of minstrels in and around the great metropolis, they get up cricket and billiard matches, rowing contests, etc. Collins' Christy Minstrels were doing very well at St. James' Hall, Picadilly.

ONE THOUSAND MILITARY PEDESTRIANS.—A feat of pedestrianism of no common character, has just been completed by the 1st California Regiment, from which we judge that they will be fully prepared to meet out "measure for measure," when they come in contact with the enemies of their country; for none will gainsay that any man or body of men who can walk one thousand miles, at the rate of seventeen miles per day, under the most arduous circumstances, are well able to walk into the foe, at a 2:40 gait, and win every time against anything like equal numbers. The following paragraph gives the particulars of this pedestrian performance:—"The 1st California Regiment, composed of Infantry and Cavalry, have just accomplished a march of one thousand miles over the Colorado desert, from the Pacific to the Rio Grande, where they are now in good order, to commence operations against the rebels in Texas. When it is observed that the country through which they passed was destitute of forage and provisions, and they were obliged to carry everything necessary during the march of sixty days, it is surprising they acomplished it with the trifling loss from Indians and rebels of only ten men. They had a serviceable train, with abundant supplies, yet not larger than that of a regiment marching fifty miles from Washington. One wagon served to carry ten days' rations for one company, with their baggage, and they have thus averaged over seventeen miles per day. They have truly shown themselves the right men to operate in Texas."

POSTPONED.—The yacht regatta between the Commodore, Partridge, Nonpareil, Laura, Niagara, Wardlaw and Newman, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club; and the Rachel, Fearless and Colleen Bawn, of the Jersey City Yacht Club, which was announced for last Wednesday, was postponed in consequence of the storm. It will take place on Tuesday, September 23d, from off P. McGiehan's Club House, foot of Van Vorst street, Jersey City, at one o'clock P. M. The entrance fee is $10, and the winning boat takes the entire purse; the contestants will sail as cat-rigged, and the race is open to all yachts of 30 feet and less. Entries can be made until 12 o'clock on Tuesday, the day of the race.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

## MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,
### AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

*NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.*

### LIFE IN THE HAYMARKET—LONDON CASINOS—"THE ARGYLE," AND THOSE WHO GO THERE DESCRIBED.

Perhaps nothing strikes a stranger here more forcibly than the gorgeous bulk rooms, or "casinos," of which there are a dozen or more, similar in character to that selected for talking about in this number—the Argyle Rooms, Windmill street, Haymarket. The reason I put Haymarket, is to distinguish this from other Windmill streets, because, in London, if you happen to be looking for a certain street and haven't got some other clue except its name, alone, the chances are that you might travel forty-eight hours, and then be as far off as ever; these little offshoots are so insignificant of themselves, it is necessary always in directing letters to put down the name of some great thoroughfare near by, in addition to the street itself, as you will have found out long ago in directing CLIPPERS to my various *stopping* places in England, and that's why the Haymarket is brought in here, so that you can get an idea about where it is situated.

This part of London is called the West End, in contradistinction to the East End, where things are more democratic and the inhabitants there of not quite so flush as at the West. Jem Mace, you know, keeps a hotel Eastward, whereas Nat Langham luxuriates in the more fashionable West; this accounts for Nat having more aristocratic patrons than Jem, although if the latter, after he licks Tom King, (if he ever does) were to start a "drum" somewhere near George Bryer's (Tom Sayer's favorite house of call) in Oxendon street, he might, by attention to business, soon get a better class of customers than flannel jackets and costermongers. Now, friend Mace, "don't go for to get mad" at this suggestion, but take it as given—all in good part. "I like your style," as the Strand Dick Swiveller observes when any of Tom Wilson's patrons ask him to drink—and believe you have the elements of a real gentleman in your composition: look at John Heenan, Ed. Price, Bill Hastings, Charley Ottignon, and our crowd generally—they are as intimate with American statesmen as you are with the urbane Moss Philips, or Charley Westhall, M. D.; two of nature's noblemen. Strike out a new path, Jem Mace, and you will not only earn golden opinions among the highest patrons of pugilism throughout England, but gain thousands of friends in Yankeeland, should you, in the course of human events, ever have occasion to "cross the *big* say." All this hasn't much to do with "Casinos," that's a fact, but then it fills up and gives a fellow the chance to say a thing or two where, at other times, such digressions would be even more out of place; at present we are talking about fast life and fast places, and I'd like to know what other subject has more right to be introduced here than pugilism—"that's what's the matter."

Going back to the Haymarket, with your permission, another jump from the subject in hand shall be taken. Until thirty years ago, in the very centre of London, they had a hay market here every week, and may be it was always so, for that's what the street derives its name from, although to-day it is anything but a market for hay, at least, you'd think so to walk along here at night, after the theatres are out. This Haymarket runs from Coventry street to Pall Mall (noted for its club-houses), and in length is about five blocks of our distance; near Pall Mall end stand two theatres, Her Majesty's (for opera principally), and the Haymarket Theatre (where the inimitable "Dundreary," Mr. Sothern, is creating such a sensation in his part, notwithstanding Buckstone's "Asa Trenchard" is a perfect failure in the eyes of Americans). In a part of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, with their "great double company" (himself and wife), are making out only so-so as regards receipts, but first-rate in point of merit and artistic ability; they play two short pieces, "My Wife and I," and "The Sensation Fork," only taking a couple of hours for both, rather too short for a theatrical audience, although quite long enough for themselves. Except *cafes*, gin palaces, Turkish Divans, fishmongers, fish cigar stores, and night-houses, there is little else to attract anybody, and in daylight it isn't half a street, but at night—Jerusalem! it beats the whole eighth ward for "social evils" or "perfect cures," as they delight to call themselves; in fact, you can neither go in a rum mill or navigate the street without tumbling across these poor, unfortunate, frail women by the score—by these terms I speak in a moral sense, for to outward appearance they are better looking, smarter dressed, and seem to enjoy life more in one night than ordinary respectable females do in a year; of course, they are always "in liquor," or this gaiety couldn't last, and who is there but what feels commiseration for these miserable outcasts, made so, in most cases, by the base perfidy of some heartless libertine, who carries a high head in the world, and considers himself a perfect gentleman. "Life," as it is called, doesn't commence in London till eleven or twelve o'clock, and not till day-dawn do these bats and owls seek their dens to avoid the light of God's sunshine; by gas light they look like a picture, but in daylight bear more resemblance to old harridans than human beings.

At some other time we will have a long chat about Haymarket life, in a separate letter, when "rich and racy developments" (*vide* Matsell's paper) may be expected. Some probably think there's been too much said already, but, then, you see, I had to bring in this resort for courtezans and libertines, as an offset to the Casinos, because they are mainly supported by Haymarket beauties, or, rather, the "friends" they meet with on their rounds. With this explanation, let us proceed at once to where we started half a column ago (this term isn't a poet's, it's a prosaic typo's license), the Argyle Rooms.

All is hushed in Windmill street, as quiet as a lot of Thirty-Eight's fellows going to a fire in the seventh district; a solitary cabbey, just after dropping down two fops at the door, is wending his way for new subjects to fleece; the "gentleman in blue" paces up and down with stately tread, like Barnum's Gyasticutus, seeking whom he may devour, should any "guns" or "gonnofs" show their title pages. Hark! dost hear that sound of music, mirth, and revelry? Ha, ha! it is—it is the long-looked-for Casino, and Ireland will yet be free! (How's that for a first attempt at the mellow-dramatic, Frank?) Yes, we're here at last; so, without further parlez-vous, except by seeing the ticket-man for a shilling, imagine you are with me inside the ball-room; if the thing is feasible—I know some fellows have the imagination of a horse, by the way "war news" is manufactured in England to affect stocks and play into the hands of speculating blacklegs. The first "bobject of hinterest" is John Thomas (not Warbling Johnny, the Erinite) in his everlasting livery—high-low shoes, red plush breeches, blue coat and vest, with big white tin buttons, white choker, and wool parted in the middle. Of course you are well aware John's the waiter—certainly, to be sure. Passing John, I found but few visitors, owing to it being quite early, so concluded to stroll around and observe the style. All round the room (where they waltz with Mary Taylor, or some other Mary) are immense plate mirrors, similar to those of the Broadway Canterbury, variegated by rich gilt frame-work to set them off to the best advantage, while pendant from the ceiling, which is magnificently decorated, hang three extraordinary massive chandeliers, with half-a-dozen prettily colored cut-glass French and English flags as a kind of fringe or border; there are also four smaller candelabras of very chaste design. Off the main room is a large refreshment saloon, elegantly fitted up with marble-top tables, and brilliantly illuminated—it doesn't come up to Taylor's, however, by a long shot. A gallery extends along the ends and sides, with more mirrors, more saloons, and more privacy, for sixpence extra; the front range of this gallery is ornamented, or desecrated (whichever term you like best), with little nude gilt figures, kicking up their heels behind and before, in something of the Lamoreux style, having high old times generally; and at the far end sit a band of fifty orchestral performers, under the management of *monsieur* Monsieur Boulcourt, who, being the most important man in the house, turns his back on all but his five-dollars-a-week musicianers (they don't get a cent more than a "quid," or a five of our money). Taken altogether, the Argyle Rooms are considered unequalled for elegance in decorations by any saloon of the kind in England or on the continent of Europe. For size, they don't begin to compare with your City Assembly Rooms, but I should guess they are a leetle bit larger than the Knickerbocker Hall. That's about all concerning the fixtures, etc.; now for

THE DANCERS, THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Towards ten, people began to come in thick and fast, calling into requisition the services of professional dancing masters, attired in full evening dress—black dress coat and trowsers, white vest, cravat, and kids—paid to call out figures, form setts, and make themselves generally useful. Not caring to join in the festive dance and joyous scene at first, I sat down to see these advocates of "a short life and a merry one" enjoy themselves. They were a queer set, though—a motley, mixed up medley of gay girls, heavy swells, Frenchmen, Turks, Dutchmen, and a little of all sorts, for you must know London is always full of foreigners, particularly of Johnny Crapeaus, and these sort of places are supported almost entirely by them. It was some time before I could believe my own eyes, whether this was really the Argyle Rooms, Jake Rooms? (how are you Jake) old place, or a check-apron ball, by the way things were managed. Here's how they do it: A man comes in off the street with his lighted pipe or cigar, sidles up to "the woman in white," or whatever color is worn, offers himself for a partner, proposes a dance, and it's a bargain right away; off they go, he with hat on and smoking, she with her bonnet, mantilla, and feminine fixins generally on, and so they go night after night, Sundays excepted, all the year round. It's worth a dollar to go, if only to study the loving attitudes, languishing gaze, and perfect *abandon* of these fallen angels, to say nothing about clean (and dirty, too, for that matter) stockings, embroidered skirts, pretty ankles, and so forth—I shouldn't have thought of these last-named but for a young girl asking my opinion of another girl's understandings, and then I couldn't help it, really couldn't help it; what made it more singular was my meeting the same party three days after at Cremorne Gardens, when the old argument was resumed. Before going farther, allow me for the cause of "my good name," (query?) to state that the lady was highly respectable and well connected, though perhaps a little wild; it's a mistaken idea to set down every young lady as "what she shouldn't be," simply because she has the nerve to go, see, and judge for herself, of the various grades that make up society—at any rate, so thinks your humble servant. "See here, young man, none of your moralizing here—that's played out; tell us something about the subject you started with, or dry up!" perhaps some of the boys will say, and I shouldn't wonder but the crinolined divinities feel like uttering like sentiments, only in language more polite; if these things be so, rather than risk argument with the heavenly creatures, whose opinion is valued more than an army of warriors, I tremble and obey. "Then proceed!" (*sotto voce*). After each dance, Mr. Man is expected to stand lobsters and salmon, or some such purse-thinning delicacy, whether he feels like it or not. After he has done so, Miss Fleecem gives him one lingering look and hunts up another "silly," as they term these swells when talking to their own tribe. Thus and so the time flies apace, ditto the money, and ditto the lives of these poor outcasts. The way they dress, though, beats all for extravagance and style. I never saw such bonnets before—regular coal skuttles, coming out sharp at the top, with a whole flower garden above the head; the same foolish mania is evinced for trailing dresses, or street-sweeping machines; there's another wrinkle about ladies apparel here, and that is, attached to the mantilla they have a long slip of narrow black ribbon like a Chinaman's pig-tail, only twice the length; maybe some of my readers have seen an illustration in London *Fun*, of a mischievous urchin tying this comet to a lamp-post and waiting anxiously to see the lady come to a dead halt, after losing the aforesaid ornament—if so, they can now see where the laugh comes in. What says Madame Demorest to introducing the slip of ribbon attachment? Anything new, no matter how ridiculous it may appear at first, looks first-rate when in the fashion—for instance, square-toed boots, and I don't see why American ladies can't have this comet mantilla at once. As for the males, there's every nation in Christendom represented, and consequently a variety of costumes, but it's just as easy to distinguish a drawling fop, with more money than brains, as a nigger, who has all the privileges of dancing with white girls, if not the preference; a London swell affects immense side whiskers *a la* Dundreary, eye-glasses, ridiculously short coats, very broad trousers, small-rimmed hats, lilac kids—he quizzes the girls, hums and haws, fancies every woman in love with him, and altogether thinks he's "a h— of a fellow," to quote from Beecher's sermons—that's all I can say favorable to a Cockney swell. It wouldn't be worth while to criticise other nationalities, their dress, manners, and customs, so, after some general remarks about these "Casinos," it will be high time to bring this fearfully-rambling letter to a close. (That's so, Johnny Roche!)

It is a matter of great surprise that among so many people, in such a disreputable place (it may not be considered so by those who go, and I cannot say anything much out of the way occurs there, but let those who think otherwise tell me whether they would take a female relative, or any respectable lady there, and if there are any such, I'll give in beat;) one scarcely ever sees a "muss," and my "moytherings" at the time were whether a ball-room on this free and easy plan could ever prove as successful, quiet, and orderly as this one; I fear it is doubtful from a variety of causes. This is the beauty of London; somehow or other a man feels safer in a hard place here than a similar one in New York; one thing, these concerns are legalized, police are specially detailed, and if a person feels ugly or cross-grained, it don't do to show it, or out you go. There's no mistake, anybody keeping sober can see the Lion in all its phases here, but if peppermint, shrub, or sweet gin get the upper hand, I wouldn't give much on what such an one finds in his pockets, or on his back either, the next morning. Why, hardly a month ago, three collier's wives came from Stafford to see the Exhibition, got drinking together, were pounced upon by a gang of the very worst kind, stripped of every rag and left in a room nude as Mother Eve. When too late, they raised an alarm, clothing was sent them, and at government expense were dispatched home without seeing the International Exhibition, although they must have been an exhibition themselves in the eyes of the policeman who first discovered them—eh, boys? This hasn't been beat in the States I guess, and goes to show London has brutes capable of anything, provided they catch either men or women out late under the influence of liquor. So much by way of comparison.

Another good feature is "dousing the glim" at five minutes to twelve, regular as clock work; the Argyle opens at 8 P. M., and if you are fond of good music without going in for dancing, it can be enjoyed a good four hours for one shilling. I went principally to hear the music (don't you believe it?) and enjoyed myself there first-rate. At twelve it's quite a sight to see the strings of cabs all along Windmill street, near all of which get a pair of mates "homeward bound," who never saw each other before, and that's where the trouble lies. "*Honi soi qui mal y pense!*"

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. H., Baltimore, Md.—Received: for which accept our thanks.

ACCEPTANCE, Franklin, N. Y.—Green Mountain Boy accepts, and chosing black men, moves 11 to 15. The game will be entered in due form as soon as your reply reaches us.

G. M. BOY, Painsville, Vt.—Propel.

EXPRESS, New York.—Superlatively fine!

J. A. DECON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We referred to the *Irish S. T.* There are notes to some of those games. Certainly we consider a "blindfold game" a curiosity of a high order.

### ANALYSIS OF MATCH GAME

Recently contested between Mary E. M. and W. S. Knight.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.

SINGLE CORNER.

| Black. Mary E. M. | | White. W. S. K. | | Black. Mary E. M. | | White. W. S. K. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 | to 15 | 22 | to 18 | 14.. 6 | to 10 | 17 | to 14(*a*) |
| 2..15 | 22 | 25 | 18 | 15..10 | 17 | 27 | 23 |
| 3.. 8 | 11 | 29 | 25 | 16.. 1 | 6 | 23 | 16 |
| 4.. 4 | 8 | 24 | 20 | 17.. 6 | 10 | 28 | 24 |
| 5..10 | 15 | 25 | 22 | 18..10 | 15 | 16 | 12 |
| 6..12 | 16 | 21 | 17 | 19.. 5 | 9 | 11 | 8 |
| 7.. 8 | 12 | 27 | 24 | 20.. 9 | 14 | 8 | 4 |
| 8..16 | 19 | 23 | 16 | 21..17 | 21 | 4 | 8 |
| 9..12 | 19 | 24 | 16 | 22.. 2 | 7 | 26 | 23 |
| 10..11 | 27 | 18 | 11 | 23.. 7 | 11 | 22 | 18(*b*) |
| 11.. 7 | 16 | 31 | 15 | 24..15 | 22 | 8 | 15 |
| 12..16 | 19 | 11 | 15 | 25..22 | 26 | 24 | 20 |
| 13.. 9 | 13 | 24 | 27 | 26..26 | 31 | 28 | 19 |

Drawn.

Notes—by W. S. K.

(*a*) This move corrects all the books—and is the winning move.

(*b*) 22 to 18 only draws, as does 23 to 19, but 24 to 19 wins, as the following will show:—

| White. | | Black. | | White. | | Black. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 24 | 19 | 15 | 24 | 23 | 19 | 17 | 22(*c*) |
| 8 | 15 | 24 | 28 | 15 | 18 | 22 | 25 |
| 27 | 18 | 14 | 17 | 18 | 22, and wins. | | |
| 18 | 14 | 28 | 32 | | | | |

(*c*) 32 to 27 would lose, by White moving 12 to 8, 19 to 16, and 15 to 31.

### SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 24—VOL. X.

By C. ALLEN.

| White. | | | Black. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..12 | to | 8 | 4 | to | 11 |
| 2..10 | | 7 | 1 | | 10 |
| 3.. 7 | | 16 | 20 | | 11 |
| 4..27 | | 24 | 28 | | 19 |
| 5..25 | | 22 | 17 | | 26 |
| 6..30 | | 14, and wins. | | | |

### SOLUTION OF STURGES' 60th POSITION.

| White. | | | Black. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..14 | to | 9 | 23 | to | 32 |
| 2.. 9 | | 13 | 20 | | 27 |
| 3..18 | | 23, and wins. | | | |

### GAME No. 24—VOL. X.

COMMUNICATED BY HARRY LESEURE.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

| Black. | | White. | | Black. | | White. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 | to 15 | 23 | to 19 | 13.. 9 | to 14 | 17 | to 13 |
| 2.. 8 | 11 | 22 | 17 | 14.. 5 | 9* | 28 | 24 |
| 3.. 3 | 8 | 25 | 22 | 15.. 1 | 5 | 32 | 28 |
| 4..11 | 16 | 26 | 23 | 16..11 | 16 | 24 | 19 |
| 5..16 | 20 | 30 | 26 | 17..15 | 24 | 28 | 12 |
| 6.. 8 | 11 | 22 | 18 | 18..10 | 15 | 12 | 8 |
| 7..15 | 22 | 19 | 16 | 19..22 | 25 | 29 | 22 |
| 8..12 | 19 | 24 | 8 | 20..24 | 18 | 23 | 14 |
| 9.. 4 | 11 | 23* | 19 | 21.. 9 | 25 | 27 | 23 |
| 10..11 | 15 | 19 | 16 | 22.. 6 | 10 | 21 | 17 |
| 11.. 7 | 11 | 16 | 7 | 23..25 | 30 | 8 | 3 |
| 12.. 2 | 11 | 26 | 23 | 24..30 | 25 | 3 | 7 |

White wins.

*20 to 24 makes a pretty variation, but gives White the easier game.

### POSITION No. 25—Vol. X.

BY HARRY LESEURE.

END-GAME.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

### A POSITION.

BY JAS. WELLS, of Scotland.

Selected by A. J. Dunlap, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

This is without exception one of the finest positions we have ever seen.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—You quite surprised us by saying that your beautiful and elaborate problem, No. 346, had not been in the CLIPPER—but it's there now. Was there not some error in it as copied in the *Era*? We don't despair of you yet.

LOUIS GOLDSMID.—Your batch of most beautifully executed contributions safe to hand; they shall have speedy attention; thank you. That "last letter," of which you spoke, never arrived.

### ENIGMA No. 347.

*From the Field.*

BY JOHN GARDNER.



at Q B 7, her R 2, Q sq, K Kt 5, K R 4th.



at K B 3, her 6, K R sq, Q R sq, K sq, Q Kt 2, Q Kt 5, K 5, and a Black Pawn at K B 2d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

### PROBLEM No. 347.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

### GAME No. 347.

Played at the Morphy Chess Rooms between our contributors Jas. A. Leonard and E. Chamier.

GIUOCO PIANO.

| Attack, Leonard. | Defence, Chamier. | Attack, Leonard. | Defence, Chamier. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 15..Q × B 2d P+ | Q B to Q 2 |
| 2..K Kt–B 3 | Q Kt–B 3 | 16..Q × Q P | P–K B 4 |
| 3..K B–B 4 | K B–B 4 | 17..P–K 6 (*c*) | Q B–R 5 |
| 4..P–Q 4 | K P × P | 18..Q–B 4 (*f*) | K Kt–Q 3 |
| 5..Castles (*a*) | K Kt–B 3 (*b*) | 19..Q × Q B | K–his 2 |
| 6..P–Q Kt 4 | B × Kt P | 20..Q Kt–Q 4 | K B × Kt |
| 7..P–Q B 3 | Q 2d P × P | 21..Kt × K B | K–his B 3 |
| 8..P–K 5 (*c*) | P–Q 4 | 22..Kt–Q B 6 | Q–K sq |
| 9..K B–Kt 5 | K Kt–K 5 | 23..Q–K R 4 + | K × K P |
| 10..Q–her R 4 | P–Q B 7 | 24..R–K sq + | K Kt–K 5 |
| 11..Q Kt–R 3 | K B–B 6 | 25..K B × Kt + | B P × R |
| 12..Q Kt × P (*d*) | K B × R | 26..Q × K P + | K–Q 2 |
| 13..Q B–R 3 | K B–B 6 | 27..Q–her 5 +, and the Attack wins. | |
| 14..K B × Kt + | Kt P × B | | |

(*a*) For an interesting continuation of this opening, the 4th and 5th moves, only being reversed, see "Dime Chess Instructor," p. 51, "Variation."

(*b*) Committing himself. In view of the probability of the attack actually brought to bear upon him, he should have played P to Q 3d.

(*c*) We have now in reality an Evans Gambit in all its potency, added to the fact that the position of the Defence is now constrained and difficult.

(*d*) Far better, all this, than at once taking Q Kt (ch); the Defence's eagerness to get Q R costs him the privilege of castling.

(*e*) Capturing *en passant* would be of no avail, since the R cannot (ch) at K sq.

(*f*) This move wins the Bishop.

The fourth *partie* of the match between Professor Anderssen and Mr. Paulsen.—*Era.*

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

| Mr. Paulsen. | Prof. Anderssen. | Mr. Paulsen. | Prof. Anderssen. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to Q B 4 | 22..K P × Kt | K B × Kt P |
| 2..Q Kt–B 3 | P–K 3 | 23..Q R–his 2 | Q B–R sq |
| 3..P–K Kt 3 | P–Q 3 (*e*) | 24..Q R–Kt 2 | K B–Q 3 |
| 4..K B–Kt 2 | Q B–Q 2 | 25..R × Kt P | Q R × R |
| 5..K Kt–K 2 | Q Kt–B 3 | 26..Q × Q R | Q–K B 4 |
| 6..Castles | K B–K 2 | 27..Q–K 2 | P–K 5 |
| 7..P–Q 4 | B P × P | 28..B P × P | Q × K P |
| 8..K Kt × P | Q Kt × Kt | 29..Q B × P | Q–her R 5 |
| 9..Q × Q Kt | P–K R 4 (*g*) | 30..Q B–B 2 | R–Q B sq |
| 10..P–K B 3 | Q B–his 3 | 31..Q–her Kt 5 | Q × B P |
| 11..K R–Q sq | P–K 4 (*h*) | 32..K R–K sq | K B–home |
| 12..Q–her 3 | Q–her 2 | 33..P–Q R 7 | Q–K B 4 |
| 13..P–Q Kt 4 | P–Q Kt 3 | 34..B–Kt 2 (*m*) | R–Q B 7 |
| 14..P–Q B 4 | Q R–B sq | 35..R–K B sq | K–his R 2 |
| 15..P–Q B 5 | P–Q Kt 4 | 36..Q–her Kt 8 | K B–B 4 |
| 16..P–R 6 (*i*) | P–K Kt 3 | 37..Q–K B 4 (*n*) | Q–her 2 |
| 17..K B–home | K Kt–B 3 | 38..Q B × B | R × K B + |
| 18..P–K B 3 | Castles | 39..K × K R | Q × Q P + |
| 19..Q B–K 3 (*k*) | Q R–Kt sq | 40..Q–K B 3 | Q–her 7 + |
| 20..Q R–his 5 | P–Q 4 (*l*) | 41..K–Kt sq | Q B × Q |
| 21..Kt × Q P | K Kt × Kt | 42..R × Q B, | resigns. |

(*g*) This seems to us premature; his forces are not sufficiently developed to carry on a successful attack.

(*h*) Prof. A. pointed out that he ought rather to have moved Q to B 2d.

(*i*) Played with great judgement. His adversary's Q Kt P is rendered weak, and must eventually be lost.

(*k*) Played with consummate skill! the position is of remarkable interest, well deserving the student's closest attention.

(*l*) Had the Defence here played K B to Q sq he must have submitted to the loss of a piece, *e. g.*:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20.. | K B–Q sq | 22..K R × Q | Q B × R |
| 21..Q × Q P | Q × Q *best* | 23..P × B, and the Defence cannot avoid losing a piece. | |

(*m*) Mr. Paulsen could have more scientifically terminated the game, thus:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 34..K R to K 8 | R × R *best* | 36..Q × B | Q × Q |
| 35..Q × K R | Q × K P | 37..K R–Kt 2, winning without difficulty. | |

(*n*) If B × B Prof. A. would have had a chance of drawing the game by first taking B with R (ch), followed by Q takes P (ch), &c.

At this point in their 2d game (see our game No. 345) Prof. A. played K Kt to K 2d, and a very different opening from the present resulted, from which the Attack almost at once got the easier game, with an ultimate winning position. We look upon the sneaking "Sicilian" as now "doubly damned," and predict that this "Pianchetto" of Mr. Paulsen's, an idea as ingenious and excellent as it is novel, in this connection, will become a popular method of pursuing the Attack against the dodge of 1..P to Q B 4th. This, together with the other well known way of defeating A's object, must soon cause it to fall into merited contempt and desuetude. All honor to Morphy and Paulsen for bringing back and cultivating a high tone of chivalry in our peerless game!

## DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

*NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.*

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

### MRS. ALSOPP.

BORN in London, England; was the daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, before she became the mistress of the Duke of Clarence; made her first appearance on any stage October 18th, 1815, at Covent Garden Theatre, London, as Rosalind, in "As You Like It;" made her *debut* on the American stage November 20th, 1820, as Donna Violante, in "The Wonder," and Maria, in "The Actress of All Work," at the Anthony street Theatre, New York. First appeared in Philadelphia at the Chestnut Street Theatre, January 21st, as Violante.

Died in New York, June 13th, 1821, from an overdose of laudanum. She resided in Greenwich street, near Dey. Anguish of mind wrought the work of destruction. She was an absolute slave to opium and ether, taking them in such quantities that it would be impossible for her to finish her performance for the evening.

### ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN.

Born in the city of New York, in December, 1776; made his first appearance on the stage in 1787, at the old John Street Theatre, New York, as one of the incense boys, in the dirge scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Retired from the stage as an actor, and became costumer, in which capacity he travelled with Mr. Edwin Forrest throughout the United States.

He shortly after carried on business in the Bowery, New York, as theatrical costumer.

Died in New York, October 29th, 1853.

### MRS. CLARISSA ALLEN.

Formerly Mrs. La Coomb; made her first appearance on any stage in 1816, at the Anthony Street Theatre, New York, as Rosina, in the opera of that name.

Died in Philadelphia, 1851.

She gained many friends in that city during her stay there; she was a lady of excellent disposition, of great propriety of character, and possessed mental abilities of no ordinary kind.

### J. P. ADAMS.

Yankee Comedian. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, November 19th, 1849, at the Arch Street Theatre, as "Sam Patch in France." Was married to Miss Rowena Granice, in Sacramento, Cal., March, 1858. This ex-actor and eccentric genius, who had tried his hand at sundry employments, preaching, among others, was, in August, 1850, according to the Chicago *Journal*, a leader of the Mormon colony, of about 600, which had taken possession of the Beaver Islands, near the foot of Lake Michigan. His followers are constructing a temple, which is, it appears, sufficiently advanced to be used as a theatre, where Mr. A. in week days, holds forth in the text of "Claude Melnotte," "Richard the III," &c., expecting, by and by, when it is finished, to play a different character on Sundays.

### MISS HENRIETTA BEHREND.

"The Young American Vocalist." Made her first appearance on any stage, May 5th, 1853, at the Academy of Music, New York, as Adelgira, in the opera of "Norma."

On the 6th of March, 1859, was announced to make her first appearance as Madame Henrietta Eben, at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, in Mozart's "Magic Flute," but on the morning of that day was attacked with typhus fever, and died in a few days. Some eighteen months previous, she married the flutist Eben, and soon after sailed for Europe. She sang at Hamburg and several other German cities, and her success in the rehearsals in Vienna, made so favorable an impression, that *she* was welcomed to the Hof-Ofern Theatre.

### MISS OCEANA FISHER.

Made her first appearance on the stage May 30th, 1838, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Clemantha, in "Ion," for the benefit of Mr. E. N. Thayer.

### CHARLES FISHER.

Born in London, January, 1816. Made his first appearance in London in 1844, at the Princess' Theatre. First appeared in America August 23d, 1852, at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, New-York, in "The Gardiner's Wife." On the 19th of May, 1858, he re-visited his native country for a short time. This gentleman is at present attached to the New-York theatres, and is a great favorite with the public.

He belongs to a school which cannot be too highly admired and encouraged, but one in which, unfortunately, there are but too few graduates. At all times dignified and sensible, grasping at the core of the duty assigned, the actor commands respect and esteem, while the beauty and grace with which he finishes the picture excites admiration which is alone at the command of true genius.

### M'LLE ERMINIE FREZZOLINI.

This celebrated prima donna sang in Italy at all the principal theatres, and finally in 1853, made her *debut* before a Parisian audience.

Made her *debut* in America September 7th, 1857, at the Academy of Music, New-York, as Amina, in "La Somnambula."

M'lle Frezzolini is most charming. Her face, if not positively beautiful, is fascinating in its expression of intelligence, refinement, and passion. Her eyes once gazed into can never be forgotten. Her form is well developed, and every motion is instinct with grace. Her manner is courtly, and bears the impress of a high-bred lady in its perfect ease, softness, and gentleness.

M'lle Frezzolini is a Tuscan, of good family. Her father was a basso, and a rival of Lablache. Her success in Italy was immediate. No singer of late years has created so much enthusiasm upon her own ground as Frezzolini. It is proper to say that her personal popularity is as great as her artistic renown.

Her *debut* in New-York was one of the most decided successes ever achieved on a first night in any of our theatres. Her voice, if not one of the most powerful, was one of the most highly cultivated and exqusite in tone that we have as yet heard. It is as round and soft as a flute, and there seems to be no difficulty of execution which it does not seem competent to master. Her method bears a close resemblance to that of Sontag's, and she is in no respect inferior to that lamented artist.

### MRS. WILLIAM ANDERSON.

Maiden name Miss Euphemia Jefferson. Born in Philadelphia; was the eldest daughter of Joseph Jefferson, Sr., and the wife of William Anderson, with whom she eloped in 1815, and was privately married. Her *forte* was the higher range of comedy. Her Lady Teazle was one of her finest performances. Her marriage with Anderson was against her parents' wishes, as they wanted her to marry Capt. Hook, of the 4th Infantry, of the U. S. Army. Her marriage proved a very unhappy one. She separated from her husband, and passed the last few years of her life with her two daughters.

### MRS. JOSHUA ANDERSON.

Born in England, in 1807. Maiden name Josephine Bartolozzi, sister to Madame Vestris, died at St. John's Wood, Monday, June 11th, 1848, of consumption. Made her first appearance in London, June 17th, 1828, as Rosina, at the Haymarket.

### MRS. ANDERSON.

Maiden name Ophelia Pelby. Born in Baltimore, Md. Made her first appearance on any stage, in 1815, at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston, as Cora's child, in "Pizarro;" made her *debut* in Philadelphia, September 7th, 1840, at the Chestnut street Theatre, as Julia, in "The Duke's Bride."

Died at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, Mass., January 25th, 1852. Her remains were interred in Mount Auburn.

### MR. ANDERSON.

Born in England. Was prompter of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. In 1852, he was attached to the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

### MISS LAURA ADDISON.

Born in Colchester, England, November 15th, 1822; made her *debut* on the stage in the year 1842, at Norwich, Eng., as Elvira, in "Pizarro;" made her first appearance on the London boards, in 1847, at Sadler's Wells. First appeared on the American stage, September 29th, 1851, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, as Lady Teazle, in "The School for Scandal;" made her *debut* in Philadelphia, October 27th, 1851, at the Walnut, as Lady Mabel, in "The Patrician's Daughter."

She died Friday, September 3d, 1852, on board the steamboat

…m, while journeying from Albany to New York. Her rela… thinking that foul play had been used, had a *post mortem* ex… tion made of the body, to ascertain, if possible, the true …of her death. But before the Coroner came, the body had …removed and buried in the 2nd Avenue, burying ground, …York. The Coroner learning these facts had the vault …ed by a police officer. The body of the deceased was ex… …d, and the decision was that she died from congestion of …rain.

### MRS. JAMES ROBERTSON ANDERSON.

…n in England; came to this country with her husband; …lier first appearance on the American stage at the Bowery …re, New-York, Wednesday, December 7th, 1831, in "Sills …pelle," and was eminently successful. She sang sweetly …ith great expression, and attached to the prettiest ankle in …orld, had a foot that enabled her to step at once into the …graces of the audience. She was announced for re-appear… …amid thunders of applause.

### JAMES R. ANDERSON.

…n in England. Made his first appearance on the stage Oct. …1836, at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, as Florizel, in …inter's Tale." He at once made a very favorable impres… In 1847 he visited this country, and opened at the Broad… Theatre, New-York, supported by Mr. George Vandenhoff. …ned to England and became a member of Covent Garden …tre, where he remained one season. From Covent Garden …ned Macready at Drury Lane Theatre, where he remained …g the seasons of 1841 and 1842, and in 1849 became lessee …is establishment, which (to him) proved a complete failure. …ppeared in this country at Wallack's Theatre, New-York, …mber 24th, 1856, in conjunction with Miss Agnes Elsworthy, …s own play of "Cloud and Sunshine." The theatre was …ded to overflowing, not only to witness the efforts of the …ute (Miss E.) but to welcome back an old favorite in the …t of Mr. Anderson; his reception was very enthusiastic.

### H. F. STONE.

…rn in Philadelphia; made his first appearance on the stage …oncert Hall, Newark, N. J., as Titus, in "Virginius." His …in Philadelphia was on January 4th, 1851, at the Arch Street …tre, as Old Rusty, in the pantomime of "Harlequin and the …." First appeared in New-York at the Chatham Theatre, …0, was playing in Chicago, Ill., where he won many friends. …s an actor, was a great favorite.

### C. STAFFORD.

…rn in England. Made his *debut* on the American stage in …at the Franklin Theatre, New-York. From the Franklin he …a trip through the States. His line of business was for… …y "heavy"—playing melo-dramatic parts chiefly, but of late …e has been playing "second old men."
…1855 he was a member of the Walnut Street Theatre, Phila…hia.

### MRS. ARCHER.

…de her first appearance in Philadelphia, July 24th, 1848, at …Walnut, as the Mother in the dramatic sketch, "The Vol…er's Departure and Return."

### THOMAS ARCHER.

…rn in Bath, 1789. Made his first appearance on the stage at …lenhead, England. First appeared in London October 3d, …, at Drury Lane Theatre, as Henry IV.
…de his first appearance on the American stage in 1827, at the …ry Theatre, New-York, as Richard the Third. On the 30th …gust, 1830, he opened the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, …njunction with Messrs. Maywood and Walton. Returned to …don, where he died in May, 1843.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

### THE RING.

*From the Sporting Life, September 6.*

FIGHTS TO COME.

…r. 15.—John Morgan and Aleck Meek—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland circuit.
30.—Joe Goss and Posh Price—£25 a side, Midland circuit.
30.—T. Osborn and W. Boston's Novice—£10 a side, at 8st 8lb.
30.—Fred Fisher and Room's Novice—£20 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Circuit.
30.—Mick Rees and Bill Littlejohn—£5 a side, Portsmouth.
30.—Patsey Marley and Parton—£25 a side, Liverpool district.
7.—Hall and Millard—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb, Midland circuit.
25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

…N MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—…he time draws on for this important match the public in… …st and curiosity greatly increases. There is nothing fresh to …, except that both men, although travelling the country with …r "sensaion" circuses, are leaving no stone unturned to pre… themselves for the forthcoming contest, and speculation on …event begins to assume importance. The next deposit of …a side was to be made at Harry Brunton's on Wednesday …ning, Sept. 10, when no doubt there will be a large muster of …backers of each, and most likely we shall be able to furnish …readers with some interesting news of the men, their doings, …the state of the betting.

SPIRITED MILL FOR £10,

BETWEEN

JOHN BAYNES AND PATSEY CLEARE.

…n Tuesday, Sept. 2, these lads met to settle their differences …in the ropes, for £5 a-side. Both are novices, this being their …appearance. Baynes, who was born in the neighborhood …Fleet-street, is twenty-two years of age, and was backed from …Collins's; while Cleare, who is a native of the Emerald Isle, …nteen years old," was backed from the West-end. These …having shown some good milling qualities in several rough …s-up, their friends determined to give them a chance in the …timate circle, consequently they matched them at catch-weight, …"five," just to try their metal; and that they found it good …rusal of the following will show. The managers of the affair …ordered them to meet at a well-known terminus by mid-day, …after a trip by rail and a pleasant voyage by water, the ring …pitched by Fred Oliver and Co., on the identical spot whereon …ris and Holden commenced their fight the previous week. The …being ready, no time was lost in getting to work. Cleare, …won the toss for corners, was waited on by Job Cobley and …Dillon, and Baynes was esquired by Young Hatrington and …rge Henley. A referee being appointed, the men finished …r toilets, and at 2:05 were delivered at the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

…ound 1. On putting themselves into attitude, it was seen that …are was the heavier and younger man, and likewise stood in a …re artistic style than Baynes, who weaved his left in and out …y awkwardly, and at the same time kept his right hugged up …his chest; but he certainly looked in the best condition, for …are was much too fleshy for such an encounter. After a very …feints, they, without delay, dashed to in-fighting, and fought …every corner of the ring, Cleare using his right on the side of …e head and left cheek, Baynes on the mouth and left eye. Each …emed determined to do his utmost, and a most spirited rally …ded in both being down side by side.
2. Blood was seen from the mouth of each man as they were …livered at the scratch, therefore that point was not claimed for …ther. No sooner had they put their hands up than they rushed …each other, and pegged away merrily with both hands. Baynes …t with the most precision, but this was made up by the pluck …d determination of Patsey, who would not be denied, and, …though he was sent scrambling to grass by a round hit from …ck's right, he directly jumped up, and wished to renew the …und, but the seconds interfered, and took the lads to their …rners.
3. The lads, from the previous fast fighting, were puffing and …owing, and steadied themselves down to some very cautious …parring, and there was time to see that the visage of Cleare was …ry much flushed, and Baynes's neck and left side of his head …owed marks of his opponent's handiwork. After some con…derable manœuvring, not the most artistic, Pat rushed at his …an, but was met with a straight left-hander on the left eye, …hich made it twinkle again, and elicited loud cheers from his …artisans in the corner. Cleare, nothing daunted, tried another …ush, and this time succeeded in getting close, when a merry rally …nsued, the lads fighting all over the ring, and giving and taking …most unflinchingly, until Baynes fought Patsey down.
4 TO 8. All of the same description, each commencing by …ery cautious sparring, and Patsey in each being the first to lead …t. This invariably brought on a close and some determined …elf-arm fighting, in which Baynes had decidedly the best of it, …e hitting with much more precision and effect than his antagonist …nd delivering his blows on the nose and eyes of Baynes, who hit …ound, thus getting on the head, and, in several instances, hit…ng open-handed. Each of these rounds ended in a struggle for …he fall, in which both were down, Baynes uppermost. Twenty …inutes had now elapsed.
9 AND 10 were very short, for no sooner were they off their se…conds' knees than they rushed to a close, in which some very wild …exchanges left and right took place, and Baynes threw Cleare and …fell on him.
11 was a clipper. Baynes led off with his left on the eye, and …was countered beautifully by Patsey on the left brow, inflicting …a gash, and drawing lots of the vital fluid. This seemed to rile …Baynes, who let go both hands, one on each of Patsey's eyes, …raising a mouse under each. Patsey returned with interest on …the left cheek and ear, also raising a discolored bump, and the …blood flowed freely from both. The round, after a good bout of …in-fighting, ended in Baynes going down.
12 AND 13 were both merry ones, first one getting on and then …the other returning the compliment; but Baynes was gradually …taking the lead, his hits having more steam in them, and several times he planted on Patsey's left eye, cutting the brow, and get…ting away without a return. Still Cleare persevered to a close, and struggled manfully to turn the tide in his favor, and succeeded in the latter round in throwing Baynes.
14 was the turning-point of the fight, for no sooner were the lads placed in front of each other, than they rushed like lions to the combat, and severe exchanges took place, Baynes on both eyes, enlarging the cut over the left eye, Patsey on the neck and left cheek, adding to the mouse already there. The lads, cheered on by their seconds, fought most determinedly, the blows given and received sounding all round the ring. Still, neither flinched, but returned blow for blow, as if the fate of nations depended on their courage and determination. Time for some minutes they contended, until Baynes, with a flush hit with his right on the left eye, terminated the round by sending Patsey to grass instanter. First knock-down blow for Baynes.
15 TO 38 AND LAST. Cleare, from the effects of the knock-down in the last round, came up anything but lively. This Baynes's seconds observing, urged him to go in, which he did, and time after time planted his left with telling effect on the nose and eyes of poor Patsey, who gradually became blind, but still, with the utmost gameness, came up, round after round, to receive punish…ment. Baynes, seeing his advantage, coolly waited his op…portunities, and, almost without a return, kept visiting the dam…aged eyes. Despite the wish of his seconds and backers, the game Patsey persisted in fighting on after all chance was gone, until at length, Jem Dillon, exclaiming he would no longer see so game a man uselessly punished, threw up the sponge, after they had been fighting 1 h. 5 min. This Cleare objected to, and even after Baynes by order of the referee, had left the ring, the brave fellow felt his way to the ropes, got outside, and called upon Baynes to come on and have another round or two; and it was not for some time that he could be persuaded to have his cloth…ing on, although he admitted that for the last three rounds he had not been able to distinguish Baynes from the seconds. When at last he was prevailed upon to dress, the poor fellow shed bitter tears of mortification, to stop which required all the soothing and promises of his backers that he should fight again.

REMARKS.

That both are unquestionably game and good lads, none who saw this encounter can for a moment deny, and we fully expect to hear of them at a future time. Both have much to learn, ere they become proficients in the art, still each has the essentials of a first-rate man—viz., youth, courage, and steadiness. Of the loser, we can safely state that a gamer, more unflinching bit of stuff never doffed shirt in a ring, and, with a little tuition, will most undoubtedly shine much brighter than at present. His friends intend getting him a benefit, and he richly deserves a bumper. The winner is a very cautious, quiet lad, attending to the advice of his seconds; and so well has he acquitted himself that he is certain to be quickly matched again, and we are sure that he will not let this first success throw him off his guard and make him hold his opponent too cheaply, but do his best to come into the ring fit to fight for a kingdom.

HEENAN IN ENGLAND.—A considerable amount of interest was excited in Nottingham, Eng., on Saturday, August 30, from the announcement that J. C. Heenan, the champion of America, and the rival of Tom Sayers for the championship of England, would appear here in companionship with a travelling circus. Large crowds attended the morning and afternoon exhibition, and they were not disappointed. We can only speak of the afternoon performance from actual knowledge. The equestrianism was of the usual preliminary character. The feats on the trapeze were not horrible,—though, if the man fell down he would have to crash through a large disc of tin reflectors and moderateur lamps, and, of course, be impaled upon the fragments. There were frequent calls for "the clown," and Wallet satisfied the demand by appearing as "Touchstone." He was met with a round of cheers, and his jesting was of a character to justify the high re…putation he holds. He can be wise, satirical, and rude by turns; and in each alternation he says witty and really clever things. Not descending to bodily contortions, he keeps his audience amused by the play of his wit, and he is really original. Most circus clowns, now-a-days, learn sayings off by rote, and repeat them, parrot fashion. Wallet will fling a stinging rejoinder to some gallery occupant, pregnant with point, and evidently im…promptu. He excelled himself on Saturday evening, especially when he uttered his aspirations for new representatives in Parlia…ment for New Basford and Bobber's Mill. The greatest interest of the evening centered necessarily in Heenan. The rival of Sayers fought a few rounds with Ryal of Birmingham. The man stood magnificently—a Colossus. His stature is superb, and his development of muscle is astonishing. He realizes Longfellow's ideality, for the "sinews of his brawny arms stand out like iron bands." He had a few sets-to with his antagonist. Ryal is no chicken, and he stands a deal of pounding, but it was quite evi…dent that Heenan's enormous stretch of arm, and power of stroke, could knock him out of the combat any moment. The fisticuff was friendly, however, and although there were some "plaguey knocks," they went away smiling, followed with the applause of about a thousand spectators.

ASSAULT ON YOUNG BEN CAUNT.—On Friday evening, August 29, a desperate attack was made on Young Ben Caunt, in his own house, the Coach and Horses, St. Martin's-lane. It appears that Reardon and Goss, accompanied by their backer W. Ward, entered the parlor for the purpose of obtaining refreshments. During the conversation that occurred, things were brought up which caused angry words; this led to blows, and, in the heat of the affray, Ward caught up a glass standing near, and with it inflicted some fearful injuries on the head of Young Caunt, who had to be removed to the hospital, and who is now in a critical state. On Monday Ward was taken before the magistrates, who bound him over, himself in £100, and two sureties of £50, to appear to answer the charge.

JOE GOSS AND POSH PRICE.—For this interesting event, the sinews of war must again come down on Monday Sep. 8, Both men are in active training, and speculation is very rife on the event.

### THE THEATRICAL LESSEE AND THE PUGILIST.

HICKS VS. LEVY.

This was an action brought by the well-known Jack Hicks, the pugilist, against Mr. Lawrence Levy, the lessee of the Garrick Theatre, Goodman's Fields, Leman street, Whitechapel, to re…cover the sum of £50 for loss and damages sustained by the plaintiff on the evening of July 21st last, in consequence of the defendant's negligence and breach of contract to supply gas and a band for the benefit of the plaintiff, at the Garrick Theatre.

Mr. Best, instructed by Mr. B. J. Abbott, was engaged for the plaintiff; and Mr. Cooke attended for the defendant.

The utmost interest was manifested during the proceedings, and the court was densely crowded by members of the theatrical profession and the patrons of the pugilistic art.

It appeared from the evidence that the plaintiff, who is matched to fight Gollagher for £200, entered into contract with the defendant for the use of his theatre for the sum of £9, and paid a deposit of £1, agreeing to pay over the balance before the curtain rose, which was accordingly done by the plaintiff, who, upon his arrival at the establishment, at six o'clock in the eve…ning in question, found a large crowd at the doors, and upon going to the theatre, he ascertained that there was no gas, and the interior could not be lighted up. The agent to the lessee (Solomon Jacobs) was rushing about, and begged of Hicks to detain the visitors until eight o'clock. Some time was delayed, but the persons outside were becoming boisterous, and the crowd blocked up the thoroughfare in front of the doors, when the police arrived, and the doors were opened. The gallery soon became filled, and the visitors to that part paid cash to the amount of about £5. There were upwards of 300 persons in the pit, chiefly for tickets, and only a few in the boxes. A few indi…viduals were admitted by special tickets to the stage. It was getting dark when the band arrived, and played a few uncon…nected pieces of music. The plaintiff sent out for half-a-crown's worth of candles, and put them round the interior of the the…atre. Crowds of persons continued to arrive, but as they found the entrance in total darkness, the chief portion went away, ejaculating, "Oh, it is all a hoax." The gas was supplied by half-past nine o'clock, when the performance commenced with the celebrated drama of "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London as it Was," which introduced the well-known scene of Tom Cribb's parlor, in which all the celebrated pugilists were to appear. The chief portion were in attendance, but could not spar, owing to the non-illumination of the theatre. The plaintiff had to return a considerable portion of the money, as the audience became tired, and would not wait any longer.

Mr. Best, for the plaintiff, by the cross-examination of several of the witnesses, created considerable amusement, and elicited the following facts:—The band consisted of a harp and two violins, and could not play the accompaniment to the ballad of "Sally in our Alley." The leader said that he had the copy, but the place was in total darkness, and he could not read the music.

The plaintiff (Jack Hicks) was examined, and proved that he had paid the following expenses, independent of the cash for the house:—Advertisements, 14s.; paid for men to spar, £1 15s.; band, with van and two horses, £1; six check-takers, 15s.; sing…ing and dancing, 10s.; police-constable, 5s.; and conductor, 5s. Plaintiff expected to have cleared £50, as other pugilists had done at that theatre.

Mr. Cook, for the defendant, contended that the plaintiff was to have paid the balance of the money three days before the benefit, as the late occupier of the theatre had left the gas un…paid. The expense of the gas was 5s. nightly, and the gas com…pany were paid the arrears on the morning of July 21, and no interruption should have taken place.

After the examination of a great number of witnesses on both sides, Mr. Levy denied his liability, and declared that the plain…tiff had broken the contract by not paying the balance of the cash on the day agreed upon.

Mr. Best then submitted that the affair had turned out any…thing but a benefit for the plaintiff, and it had been proved that the performance commenced in the dark, while it was intended to be a "sensation night." The plaintiff was surrounded by his friends, who had rallied to support him before his departure to battle with a powerful antagonist.

The judge then remarked on the chief points of the case, which he said laid in a small compass, and he was of opinion that there was a breach of contract on the part of the defendant by the non-illumination of the theatre at the usual time of open…ing, which clearly rendered him liable; therefore, the jury would take the whole of the facts into consideration, and give a verdict accordingly.

The jury, after some consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages, £25, with costs.

The decision of the jury was received with applause by the persons in court, which was speedily suppressed by Mr. Greg…ory, the officer, when the proceedings, which had lasted nearly four hours, terminated. The money was to be paid in a fortnight.

### PEDESTRIANISM.

CHAMPIONSHIP TEN MILES RACE,

BETWEEN

MILLS AND LANG;

As a proof that pedestrianism is not on the wane, and that when good men and true contend, the public will patronize them, upwards of 4,000 spectators assembled at Hackney Wick, on Mon…day, Sept. 1st, to witness the race of ten miles, between the re…nowned Teddy Mills and the no less celebrated William Lang, for £25 a side and the champion's cup for that distance. At an early hour of the afternoon, crowds began to assemble around this well known rendezvous, and all descriptions of vehicles were brought into requisition for the occasion; the rail, too, added its quota by pouring in its hundreds by each train, and such a scene of ex…citement has not been witnessed in that neighborhood since the memorable eight miles race between Bearfoot and little Teddy, in December last, which ended in a dead heat. Some six weeks back, Lang and Parker contended for this trophy, and, after a splendid struggle, it was won by Lang, who was directly chal…lenged by Mills, hence the present match. Bill Price, the man…ager of the grounds, had made every preparation commensurate with the event, and the course was in fine going order. The race was set for six o'clock, and a few minutes after that hour Lang came into the enclosure, waited on by Jesse Smith and Johnny Johnson, of Salford. He was soon followed by Mills, who was attended by Sam Barker. After taking their preliminary canters, and appointing a referee, they proceeded to doff their flannels, and all eyes were eagerly bent to scan the condition of the men. Lang looked perfection, and had not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, while Teddy (who a fortnight ago again hurt his left foot) looked big and soft, and offers were eagerly made to lay 5 to 4 on Lang, which were in a few instances taken, and then only by the most sanguine of Teddy's backers, who thought while he could walk about, he was invincible. The ground had to be traversed sixty-eight times to complete the distance; and when the pistol was fired, Mills, amidst a burst of applause, dashed to the front, and led the way at a merry pace, Lang lying about a stride in the rear. The action of Lang was perfection; but Mills, who ran in a bandage, did not go with that lightness and freedom for which he is so justly celebrated. For ten laps these positions were maintained, the Middlesborough man evi…dently running within himself. Going up the hill in the eleventh lap, he put in a spurt, and went to the front, showing the way with Teddy at his elbow for the next five laps; here Mills again took the lead, and held it until rounding the bottom turn in the seventeenth lap, where Lang rushed past him; Mills dashed after him, and a dashing struggle took place for the lead, the specta…tors being almost electrified by the pace, and evincing their appro…bation by loud and prolonged cheers. This struggle was kept up at the same terrific pace until more than a lap had been paced over, when, rising the hill in the nineteenth lap, Lang obtained the lead, not, however, to hold it long, for in the succeeding round Mills again challenged him, and another burst was the re…sult, ending in Lang taking the lead, Mills, even at this period of the race, looking distressed. Lap after lap was gone over with…out the order of running being changed, until, in rounding the bottom of the course, in the thirty-eighth lap, Lang stepped out, and made a gap of some ten or twelve yards between them; but Mills, in coming down the straight to finish the lap, resumed his former position, about a yard in the rear of Lang. No sooner did Lang find his opponent at his elbow, than away he again dashed and Mills, nothing daunted, stuck to him, and for a mile did they keep up the pace, going along like pieces of machinery, and repeated bursts of applause greeted them from all parts of the ground. This (the sixth) mile was one of the fastest during the match. During the seventh mile, the pace, although a little slackened, was still first rate, Lang trying his best to break down Mills, who, on his part, did his utmost to stick to his man. At length, in the forty-eighth round (the finish of the seventh mile), the efforts made by Mills began to tell upon him, and Lang drew away from him, and during the next two laps led by forty yards; and in rounding the pagoda turn, in the fifty-second lap, Mills was compelled to cry "Enough," leaving Lang to finish at his leisure. The following is the correct time:—

| *Miles.* | *Min.* | *Sec.* | *Miles.* | *Min.* | *Sec.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 4 | 49 | 5 | 26 | 17 |
| 2 | 9 | 54 | 6 | 31 | 28 |
| 3 | 15 | 18 | 7 | 36 | 32 |
| 4 | 20 | 42 | | | |

SAM BARKER wishes for another try at the Ten Miles Cham…pionship, and will run Lang for £25 a side, according to the con…ditions of the cup.

DEERFOOT, THE AMERICAN INDIAN, IN SCOTLAND.—A grand pedestrian gala was held at the Gilmoreline grounds, Glasgow, on Monday, Sept. 1st, when an opportunity was offered for the first time in that famous city of "Auld Scotia" of witnessing the wonderful performance of the renowned Indian, Deerfoot, who contended in an eleven mile handicap with the celebrated English clippers, Brighton, Andrews, Jackson, and Mower. The attendance was excessively large, it being computed that about 20,000 persons were upon the ground. Previous to the great race, several minor contests took place, including a one-mile spin, which was easily won by Park, a local runner of some celebrity. For the eleven mile race the men were handicapped as follows:—Deerfoot and Brighton at scratch; and Andrews, Jackson, and Mower, 300 yards start. After an exciting struggle, the event was won by Andrews, who at the close had lost but little of his 300 yards allowed. Jackson arrived at the winning post about sixty yards ahead of Deerfoot, who was slightly in front of Brighton. Mower gave up dead beat about the sixth mile. Much surprise was felt at this unlooked-for termination, as the public mind seemed fully made up to witness a repetition of the "Deerfoot Farce," with the usual *denouement* of the Senecan being the customary five or six yards in front at the finish. Each of the men ran in the most plucky manner, and were loudly cheered. Deerfoot's time in completing the eleven miles was 60 mins. 25 secs., unfortunately for him 35 secs. too long, as, we understand, had he done the distance within the hour it was the intention of several gentlemen to present him with a massive silver goblet. On the following Wednesday Deer…foot visited Belfast, when another pedestrian contest took place between him, Jackson, Brighton, Mower, Andrews and others. The attendance was large, and the programme, which was rather a varied one, included attractions for amateurs and others ambitious to test their physical powers, in the form of sack racing, ball gathering, a 220 yards' race, a one mile race, pole leaping (in which Musgrove, the champion, appeared), and a variety of other sports, winding up with a four-mile race between Deerfoot and the champion, which resulted in the Indian winning by about twenty yards. The time occupied was 21 mins. 40 secs.

### BILLIARDS.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.—The billiard rendezvous at Saville House, Leicester Square, was, on Monday, Aug. 25, the scene of another of those exciting contests which have already rendered it so famous. The match was between "John Roberts (the champion) and John Smith, (of Liverpool) the best of twenty-one games of 100 up, Mr. R. to give Mr. S. thirty-five points in each game." The play commenced at eight o'clock. During the whole of the time this match occupied, the great room in which it was contested was favored by a numerous gathering of the patrons of the princely science, who watched its progress with courageous ardor, especially considering the extraordinary tax which circumstances laid on their time and attention. Both players well exerted themselves; but, in the main, we must say that, excellent as was the play of the great Roberts, we have seen him to greater advantage. Of his opponent, it will answer every purpose to say that, although our practical knowledge of the game enables us to form a pretty accurate judgment of the merits of a player whose exploits we may not have before wit…nessed, we failed to discover that *uniformity* of play which, to our mind, marks an accomplished master of the art. Yet some of his strokes were executed with admirable precision, and now and then his play might even be denominated brilliant. It will be seen that he beat his opponent. Not much wonder, after all. 35 points out of 100 is "a consideration," and, at billiards, a very weighty one, too. We append the following tabular state…ment of the several games:—

| *Game.* | ROBERTS. | SMITH. | *Game.* | ROBERTS. | SMITH. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 79 | Game | 12 | 97 | Game |
| 2 | Game | 59 | 13 | Game | 93 |
| 3 | 95 | Game | 14 | Game | 94 |
| 4 | Game | 47 | 15 | 99 | Game |
| 5 | 68 | Game | 16 | Game | 69 |
| 6 | 98 | Game | 17 | 84 | Game |
| 7 | 64 | Game | 18 | Game | 88 |
| 8 | Game | 93 | 19 | Game | 93 |
| 9 | Game | 81 | 20 | 82 | Game |
| 10 (a love game) | Game | | 21 (and last) | 71 | Game |
| 11 | Game | 70 | Smith thus winning by 1 game. | | |

The 9th was a peculiarly splendid game, for when Smith had sped on to 76, Roberts "took up the running," and won. His play in this exciting game was literally magnificent, and it earned, as it deserved, reiterated applause. By way of illus…trating the changes to which the game of billiards (like all others, for that matter) is subject, the very next trial was what is popularly known as a "love" game. We thought it somewhat odd that, at one part of it, the winner offered to take 20 to 3 that it would be a "love" game. "Confidence goes a long way." In this instance, it seems, it was not misplaced. None of the other games need more than the general comment we have already given. The concluding one was, of course, very exciting.

### AQUATICS.

EXCITING SCULLING RACE ON THE THAMES.—A very exciting scullers' race was rowed on Monday, September 1st, the result quite upsetting the ideas of the *connoisseurs*, who betted 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on the loser. The men engaged were Edward May, a member of the Times Unity Rowing Club, and consequently a landsman, and Henry Stratford, a waterman's apprentice, of Lambeth. May has rowed a number of races with about equal success; while his opponent is a much younger man, and there…fore has pulled but few races; but those he has rowed have prov…ed him a complete "sticker," and so he was backed against a man who, although not so young or so active, is to all intents and purposes a much prettier and better sculler. The race was for £25 a side, and the course to be rowed from Putney Aqueduct to Barnes Railway Bridge. The Citizen B was the accompanying boat, and had a large number of people on board, amongst whom betting was carried on very briskly at the rate of 7 to 4. The men took up their stations at half-past five, and both looked as well as could be desired, May having trained at Mr. Wilcox's, the White Hart, Barnes, and Stratford at Mr. Salter's, the Feath…er's, Wandsworth. The trainers were also umpires; and Jockey Driver steered Stratford, while John Phelps did the same for May. May won the toss, and went away with the lead, but Strat…ford was soon with him, and nearly level at Simmonds'. There May got away for 200 yards, when Stratford came up again, and a desperate race went on between them to near the Crab Tree. Here May seemed to be going in an easy winner, when again Stratford dashed alongside, and although May got away again, it was a desperate race with them till near Hammersmith Bridge, where May led by a length. After this Stratford came up again, and then again, the last spurt being a splendid one, so much so, that after being two lengths behind, he came right over his man's stern. This spurt, however, was too much for him, and May went right away at Chiswick, and won eventually by ten or a do…zen lengths.

### TURF.

TEN BROECK'S MOVEMENTS.—At the Devon and Exeter races in England, our American turf representative's horses took "a foot in" in two events, but they were not successful in either, but strangely enough Fordham again seized second place with them. The number of times this has occurred this season is remark…able, as we have had occasion to remark more than once. We append the summaries:—

TUESDAY, September 2.—The Exeter Stakes of 15 sovs each, 8st with 100 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies, 8st 7lb; certain penalties and allowances; half a mile. 13 subs.

Mr John Whittaker's King of Utopia, by King of Trumps —Utopia, 9st 8lb, (inc. 7lb extra).....Edwards 1
Mr Ten Broeck's Batsman, by Teddington—Cricket, 8st 10lb.....Fordham 2
Lord Portsmouth's Mrs Trimmer (late Votarist), by Sur…plice—Agnes Wickfield, 8st 7lb.....Goater 3
Mr Saxon's Countess, 8st 7lb.....Midgley 4

Betting:—Even on King of Utopia, and 7 to 4 agst Batsman. King of Utopia made most of the running, and won by four lengths; two lengths between second and third; the same be…tween third and fourth.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 3.—The County Cup, a piece of plate value 200 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added from the fund; three year olds, 7st 10lb; four, 9st; five, six, and aged, 9st 7lb; m and g allowed 3lb; winners extra, &c.; the win…ner to be sold for 500 sovs, &c.; two miles and a half. 20 subs.

Mr Astley's Atherstone, by Touchstone—Lady Harriett (not to be sold), 4 yrs, 9st 9lb.....J Adams 1
Mr R Ten Broeck's Optimist, by Lexington, dam by Glen…coe, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb.....Fordham 2
Lord Portsmouth's Vinegar Hill, by Kingstown—Velleda, 4 yrs, 9st.....J Goater 3
Sir L Newmann's Breechloader, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb.....Edwards 4

Betting:—6 to 4 agst Atherstone, 7 to 2 agst Optimist, 6 to 1, bar two (offered). Immediately the flag fell, Breechloader took the lead, Atherstone second, the others following about three lengths abreast, Vinegar Hill appearing not to like the pace, which was very good. They proceeded, without any change of moment, until entering the straight for home, where Breech…loader compounded, and Atherstone went to the front, was never afterwards headed, and won very cleverly by a length and a half: Vinegar Hill a bad third, Breechloader, who was pulled up, fin…ished close up.

### WOLVES BISON HUNTING.

WHILST the herd is together, the wolves never attack them, as they instantly gather for combined resistance, which they effectually make. But when the herds are traveling, it often happens that an aged or wounded one lingers at a distance behind, and when fairly out of sight of the herd, is set upon by these voracious hunters, which often gather to the number of fifty or more, and are sure at last to torture him to death, and use him up at a meal.

The Buffalo, however, is a huge and furious animal, and when his retreat is cut off, makes desperate and deadly resistance, contending to the last moment for the right of life, and oftentimes deals death by wholesale to his canine assailants, which he is tossing in the air or stamping to death under his feet.

A traveller in those regions says: "I have several times come across such a gang of these animals surround…ing an old or a wounded bull, where it would seem from appearances that they had been for several days in at…tendance, and at intervals desperately engaged in the effort to take his life. But a short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses loaded with meat, we discovered at a distance, a huge bull encircled by a gang of white wolves; we rode up as near as we could without driving them away; and being within pistol shot, we had a remarkable good view, where I sat for a few moments, and made a sketch in my note book, after which we rode up and gave the signal for them to dis…perse, which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to the distance of fifty or sixty rods, when we found, to our great surprise, that the animal had made des…perate resistance, until his eyes were entirely eaten out of his head, the grizzle of his nose was mostly gone, his tongue was half eaten off, and the skin and flesh of his legs was torn almost literally into strings. In this tat…tered and torn condition the poor old veteran stood brac…ing up in the midst of his devourers, who had just ceased hostilities for a few minutes, to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength, and preparing to resume the attack in a few moments. In this group were some reclining to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and lick…ing their chops in anxiety for a renewal of the attack; and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the feet or the horns of the bull. I rode nearer to the pitia…ble object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, "Now is your time, old fellow, and you had better be off." Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me, as he straightened up, and, trembling with excite…excitement, dashed off at full speed upon the prairie, in a straight line.

We turned our horses and resumed our march; and when we had advanced a mile or more we looked back, and on our left, where we saw again the ill-fated animal surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable vorac…ity he anquestionably soon fell a victim.

### SOUND FEET FOR SOLDIERS.

Major Winthrop's advice to volunteers on the subject of proper care of the feet, ought to be pondered and re…membered by new recruits. It will be found in his arti…cle on the New York Seventh Regiment published in the Atlantic Monthly for June, 1861, which we publish be…low, for the information of those concerned:—

"And let me say a word to my fellow-volunteers, ac…tual and prospective, in all the armies of the States. A soldier needs, besides his soldiery drill:—

"1. Good feet.

"2. A good stomach.

"3. And after these comes the good head and the good heart.

"But good feet are distinctly the first thing; without them you cannot get to your duty. If a comrade, or a horse, or a locomotive, takes you on its back to the field, you are useless there. And when the field is lost, you cannot retire, run away and save your bacon.

"Good shoes and plenty of walking make good feet. A man who pretends to belong to an infantry company ought always to keep himself in training, so that any mo…ment he can march twenty or thirty miles without feel…ing a pang, or a rising blister. Was this the case with even the decimation of the army who rushed to defend Washington? Were you so trained, my comrades of the Seventh?

"A captain of a company who will let his men march with such shoes as I have seen on the feet of some poor fellows in this war, ought to be garroted with shoe-strings, or at least be compelled to play Pope, and wash the feet of the whole army of the Apostle of Liberty. If you find a foot soldier lying beat out by the roadside, desperate as a seasick man, five to one his heels are too high, or his soles too narrow or too thin, or his shoe is not made straight on the inside, so that the great toe can spread into its place as he treads. I am an old walker over the Alps, across the water, and over Cordilleras, Sierras, Deserts, and Prairies at home; I have done my dear sixty miles a day without discomfort—and, speaking from large experience, and with painful recol…lections of the sufferings and death I have known for want of good feet on the march, I say to every volunteer, 'Trust God; but keep your shoes easy.'"

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SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
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THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—

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| NELSON SEYMOUR, | | G. W. H. GRIFFIN, |
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| G. A. CONNERS, | G. W. CHARLES, | J. W. HILTON, |
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GRAND RE-OPENING
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 20-tf

**MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S**
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

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| BILLY MORRIS, | N. LOTHIAN, |
| JOHNNY PELL, | H. M. CARROLL, |
| J. C. TROWBRIDGE, | J. QUEEN, |
| E. W. PRESCOTT, | F. WILMARTH, |
| J. L. GILBERT, | R. FREDERICKS, |
| J. P. ENDRES, | J. J. HILLIARD, |
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
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**THE NEW TROUPE OF STARS.**
ARLINGTON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS.
This Troupe consists of the very best
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And in introducing their Entertainments, the Managers beg to assure the Public that every energy will be used to make it worthy the patronage of their friends and all lovers of
ARTISTIC MINSTRELSY,
and that no expense has been or will be spared to make this the
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OF ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENTS.
The Company comprises the following Gentlemen:—

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| A. JONES, | WM. SPAULDING, |
| WM. H. BROCKWAY, | O. H. CARTER, |
| WM. H. BUTLER, | FRED SPORR, |
| S. PRICE, | MASTER DUMONT, |
| WM. C. DAVIE, | CHAS. S. WOOD. |
| | WM. C. DAVIE, Treasurer. |

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| J. H. STOUT, | CHAS. SANFORD, |
| FRANK ANGELO, | SIGNOR ANGELO, |
| DAN M. HOLT, | RICHARD ARNOLD, |
| J. B. PASSERELL, | ALPH BISHOP, |
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All the prominent Stars of the Concert Halls treated with on liberal terms. Communications from the Profession solicited.
Address L. M. BAYLESS,
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This new and Commodious Hall, just completed, is unsurpassed for Exhibitions, Concerts, Lectures, Fairs, Parties, &c., and is the largest Hall in Western New York. It has connected with it Suits of Rooms for dressing and dining purposes, together with other modern improvements; and will be rented at prices that will induce the public to prove its acoustic properties, which are pronounced unrivalled. Address
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MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
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During their engagement in that City, they will produce their
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All letters of business to be addressed for the next four weeks to AUG. S. PENNOYER, Business Agent,
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For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
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This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
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M. ZAVISTOWSKI, having just returned from the West Indies, is prepared to negotiate with Managers for engagements for the Fall and Winter Campaign. He can be engaged alone, or with those celebrated Danseuses, Mlles Christine, Alice, and Emeline. Address M. ZAVISTOWSKI,
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N. B. I will pay more salary to good Performers than any other Concert Saloon Manager in America. 21-tf

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THE GREAT CONGRESS OF ARTISTS,
Will appear in NEW ACTS, SONGS, DANCES, &c.
The Shakers; My Grandmother's Farm; Othello; The Rival Tragedians; The Bird Hunters, &c., by

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Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Admission 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 23

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| EDWARD BERRY, | E. N. SLOCUM, | J. BARNEY, |
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GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
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These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
W. H. LEIGHTON,.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
SHERIDAN CORBYN,.....Acting Manager.
The public are respectfully informed that this beautiful Thea has been opened with the
GREATEST COMBINATION OF
OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC TALENT
Ever concentrated in any Theatre in this State, including

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| Mrs. J. R. Saunders, | M'me Schwazule, |
| Miss Mowbray, | Mrs. Burrill, |
| Miss J. Land, | Mrs. G. E. Locke, |
| Mr. A. B. Phelps, | Frank Mayo, |
| John Wood, | S. W. Leach, |
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and a POWERFUL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.
Artists visiting California should visit this magnificent Dramatic Temple before engaging elsewhere, as it is by far the largest and most commodious Theatre. The Management of this House have also the control of the principal Theatres in Stockton and Sacramento. 52-tf

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Montgomery street, between Washington and Jackson streets,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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THE STAR COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
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| Dress Circle | $1 | Orchestra Seats | $1 |
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Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
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The Company now engaged at this popular place is
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Under the same Management.
All business letters for both places must be directed to Washington, D. C. 20-3t

**NEW BOWERY THEATRE,**
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The Management takes pleasure in announcing to the Public that
THE GREAT ARTIST,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
Will make her re-entre on
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th,
In a new SENSATION SPECIALITY, written expressly for her, entitled the
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A Grand Historical Drama, in 3 Acts. 22-1t

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CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager, and Acting Agent of Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels and Brass Band.
WANTED, also, a second hand (one hundred and twenty-five feet) round top Canvass. Address as above, stating all particulars and lowest terms. 23-2t*

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The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January. Stars will please address as above. 24-

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☞ We have letters for Messrs. J. H. Rogers, J. S. Thompson, C. B. Reynolds, J. E. Hartel, John C. Rivers, Gustave Bideaux, M. W. Fiske, and the Misses Mary Walton, Louise Bennett, and Annie E. Dillingham.

## CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Sept. 22, '62.

The week just closed was, indeed, an eventful one. With the enemy, strong in force, threatening the free States, is it at all surprising that a general feeling of uneasiness should have prevailed? With rebels in front, rebels in the rear, rebels to the right of us, rebels to the left of us, and damnable scoundrels in our very midst, hatching treason against the government and its young military chieftain, truly the week was fraught with peril to the Union cause. New York, distant as she is from the scene of strife, was not in real danger, yet there was a something that whispered of dire evils to befall her should the rebels succeed in getting a foothold in Pennsylvania; but thanks to Gen. McClellan, and the brave men who followed his instructions, the invading forces have been driven away in confusion and disorder. A more exciting week than that just passed has not been known since the breaking out of the rebellion. The excitement increased as day succeeded day, and hour followed hour, and on Friday the culminating point was reached, the dispatches of Gen. McClellan setting the public mind at ease, and giving the people glory enough for the time being. How fared our theatres all this time? It must have been a killing week to all places of amusement, one would suppose. But it was no such thing. Strange as it may seem, the theatres did a thriving trade, nearly every one being well attended throughout the week. On Broadway, Niblo's, the Winter Garden, and Wallack's, had immense houses, while Wood's, and Bryants' Minstrels retained their usually large patronage. How to account for it, we cannot tell. When the war commenced, the theatres and halls of minstrelsy became deserted. Now, when the accursed rebellion is at its climax, the case is different, the theatres being filled. It may be that the people go there to drown their sorrows, to lose sight, for the time, of the sea of trouble upon which our Ship of State is floating, and to hear something else besides such tales of suffering and slaughter as our ears have been accustomed to. Yes, this may be it. The details of bloodshed and carnage which fill our daily papers, sicken and affright us, and we turn to the theatre or minstrel hall for relief. And yet, we were surprised last week, at the *very* large turn-out of the people, and the crowded state of our theatres. Was it legitimate? Was it the thing? For every one who passed the narrow entrance, was there a cash equivalent left at the box office? Did every "patron of the drama" approach the port hole, sock up the "equiv." for his pasteboard, and enter in? We fear not. We opine that many a good fellow "passed in" on "paper;" many found an opening without money and without price. Nevertheless, there was a goodly array of paying *habitues* on hand, and the week was profitable.

After skirmishing and scouting around, and trying to get at each other's points, Wallack and Laura Keene have come out flat-footed, and now toe the theatrical scratch in earnest. Wallack adheres to his former line of operations, while Laura changes her policy, and adopts that of the "veteran." Old and standard comedy, and the legitimate generally, will mark the conduct of each management. Wallack opened the conflict on the 18th, and thereby gained a good position. He opened with the "Love Chase," of which performance a notice will be found in another paragraph. Laura has marshaled her forces in line of battle, and has given orders for an opening this evening, 22d inst. She opens with "Old Heads and Young Hearts," to give Blake a chance to make a trick against John Gilbert, at the other house. In order that our friends may see the "full strength" of each company, and make their own comparisons, we append them:—

| | WALLACKS. | LAURA KEENE'S. |
|---|---|---|
| | *Ladies.* | |
| | Mrs. Hoey, | Laura Keene, |
| | Miss Fanny Morant, | Ada Clifton, |
| | Miss Henriques, | Emma Taylor, |
| | Miss Mary Gannon, | Ione Burke, |
| | Mrs. Vernon, | Mrs. W. R. Blake, |
| | Mrs. John Sefton, | Mrs. Sedley Brown, |
| | Mrs. Reeves, | Mrs. A. Hind, |
| | Miss Green, | Miss Isabella Nickinson, |
| | Miss Carman, | Miss Laura Leigh. |
| | Miss Schlemon, | Miss Clara Leigh, |
| | Miss La Forrest, | Miss Mary Everett. |
| | Miss Gimber, | Mrs. J. H. Stoddart. |
| | *Gentlemen.* | |
| | John Gilbert, | W. R. Blake, |
| | George Holland, | Stuart Robson, |
| | Lester Wallack, | C. Walcot, |
| | Charles Fisher, | Walter Lennox, |
| | Mark Smith, | Charles Wheatleigh, |
| | John Sefton, | C. Peters, |
| | Mr. Young, | J. T. Raymond, |
| | Mr. Norton, | H. F. Daly; |
| | Mr. Reynolds, | Mr. Levick, |
| | Mr. Browne, | Mr. Hind, |
| | Mr. Moore, | Mr. Marlowe, |
| | Mr. Parsloe, | Mr. Barrett, |
| | Mr. Parkes, | B. A. Baker, |
| | Mr. Turner, | Mr. Bilby, |
| | | Mr. Richardson, |
| | | Mr. Fielding. |

Leader of Orchestra at Wallack's—Stoepel.
Leader of Orchestra at Laura's—Tom Baker.

Both are pretty strong teams, which will make the competition quite spirited. We shall see, ponder, and duly digest in a week or two.

There is likely to be a lively competition on the east side of town, as well as on Broadway, for we understand that Mr. G. L. Fox has returned to Mr. Lingard the sum of $1000 which he received from him on their dissolving partnership, and Mr. Fox is now at liberty to perform without the fear of an injunction hanging over him. How the "wrestle" will turn out, we are unable to say, at present. Fox will carry the boys with him, and this will ensure a good attendance in the pit. Lingard *should* do the best box business, and as this is where the money comes from when the patronage is liberal, he *ought* to have a little the best of it; but Fox, being untrammeled, may now go to work in earnest, and give the public something that may fill his boxes as well as his pit. "Fox is the actor," as Mr. Lingard observed, while the latter is a manager. Here we have it down to a dot. Let us see which wins the game.

Wood's Minstrels are drawing splendid houses. Such a beautiful hall as Mr. Wood has added to our great thoroughfare is an evidence of that gentleman's taste and liberality. We all remember the beautiful marble building he erected for his company some years ago, on Broadway, and with what taste it was fitted up. Well, the building he at present occupies is handsomer, more convenient, and more comfortable than the marble building. His present company is also an improvement upon the former one; in fact, a better one does not exist. When we hear Mr. Wood's name mentioned in connection with any enterprise, we know what to expect. His audiences are of a most respectable and fashionable character, while the entertainments he treats them to are of the most varied and pleasing description. Drop in and see the new hall, and judge for yourselves of the performances.

Cubas had a rousing attendance at her benefit on the 15th, at the Cremorne. She had been indisposed for some time, and the benefit proved a benefit indeed.

What will Nixon get at next? He tries everything. He once gave a show with Heenan as the attraction. Was a circus manager. Took Niblo's, and played the "Royal Amphitheatre," Zoyara, and Forrest. Got up a sort of Cremorne, on the half shell, and introduced circus, opera, Cubas, burning tar, and high-priced refreshments. His last move is the renting of the Academy of Music, for the purpose of introducing Carlotta Patti in Italian opera. He seems to have shut up the eyes of the regular opera managers, while going it blind himself. What a go! Empressario Nixon!! Go long. The opening show is announced for to-night, the 22d, "La Sonnambula" being the opera, with the following cast:—Amina, M'lle Carlotta Patti; Elvino, Sig. Sbriglia; Count Rodolpho, Sig. Susini; Lisa, Miss Stockton; Theresa, Mme. Avogardo; Alessio, Sig. Mansini; Notary, Sig. Ximines. Now our readers must not imagine—because a circus manager is driving the team—that this is a one-horse show. It's nothing of the kind. It's a regular company, and we don't see an "indisposed" "Italiano" in the whole concern. Tickets, one dollar each, and room for the claqueurs.

The Forrest-Hackett engagement, recently arranged by Manager Wheatley at Niblo's Garden, was inaugurated according to previous announcement, on the 15th, with the former gentleman as the philosophic Dane in "Hamlet," and on the 16th with the latter as the sword-hacking Sir John Falstaff in "First Part of King Henry IV." A starting purely Shakespearean. The 17th brought on the "eminently great" Edwin as Richelieu, the 18th as Othello, the 19th as Damon, and the 20th Squire Hackett in a repetition of the fat knight who threatens to break his girdle before the gallant young Prince Hal. If this was not a rich week in theatricals, and an almost Shakespearean "quarter of the moon" at Niblo's old corner, then "knock us o' the mazzard" and "count us out" when anything good is going on in future. Perhaps, of all those dramatic treats, that of "Othello" was the most worthy of remark in our weekly review, especially when we consider how much Mr. Forrest has improved upon his usually superb rendition of that fine character. Some of his inveterate partizans would be unwilling to admit such an improvement possible. While confessing that we were surprised ourselves, we simply assert the fact that we understand the subject we are talking of, and that "that's so." As a man of genius this truly great artist must know, and would not hesitate to admit, that there are great variations among all of us, especially in relation to our "most blessed conditions." In the present instance, undoubtedly there were many favorable circumstances. The audience was one of those with which New York seems to be trying the capacity of the auditorium at Niblo's Garden, and not only numerous but fashionable, and not only fashionable but obviously intelligent. The cast was composed of good performers, and all admirable, and certainly well chosen. Our good old friend, Harvey B. Dodworth, "tuned up" the audience to the vance of the play, upon the same principle that the members his orchestra tune up their instruments previously to front of the curtain. By the time his admirable selections been skirmished out as an overture, our mind was led up the Mediterranean, looking in at Venice, and almost for grapes in Cyprus. When the green curtain gets a we are just in the right haze of poetry for relishing the classic and semi-barbaric circumstances of the old Etrusc lad—a hundred and fifty verses, more or less—upon which peare founded this wonderful play. The cast is worthy placed on record. The Doge of Venice, T. E. Morris; J. Canoll; Ludovico, C. Kingsland; Montano, J. Collier; W. Wheatley; Roderigo, Becks; Iago, T. McCullough; land; Marco, Browne; Antonio, Post; Gratiano, J. Martin; senger, Germon; Desdemona, Mrs. Gladstane; Emilia, Ponisi. The Iago of the evening is a fellow townsman of Forrest's, and has been so educated as to sustain the gedian properly when placed in such professional conjunc Many a good actor has completely broken down and had his paralyzed when so placed. We may therefore count this as among the peculiarly favorable circumstances of the engagement. Intrinsically and independently, Mr. McCull performance was as fine and judicious as any we have ever and we use those words with calm deliberation. If there any blemish, the "make up" was about seven years too Altogether, it was an agreeable surprise upon our long rience. The Desdemona of Mrs. Gladstane was another although not so remarkable, and yet she deserves great for giving the character several new charms not yet observ us among the traditionary Desdemonas. We know not, and not, how our neighboring critics may speak of her artistic on this occasion, but we consider Mrs. Gladstane's Desde as—

"One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens."

The traditional Desdemona is even more of a puzzle than traditional Ophelia. To represent Desdemona as a "real woman" of a wife, requires an actress capable of what we call vitalizing the ideal, and, (with all due deference to our professionals), how often are we likely to meet with an actress in this age of brain-benumbing realities? Not Having found Mrs. Gladstane so vital as well as statuesque Desdemona, we hereby make a Bunsby note. Such women a professional merit over and above any individual perform they may think proper to contribute, for they resuscitate and plenish our faith in the capabilities of dramatic art for ar ing all the varieties of character which may occur in the gra or the littleness of poetic personification. They can give Juno or a chambermaid, and be equally praiseworthy or as tive as either. The fairest way to sum up Mrs. Gladstane's demona, is to say that it met our mental vision with a S pearean fullness of all the most charming graces in every cal attribute. Luckily "for all concerned," a similar degr ability was shared in the groupings of the principal mal formers, so that the pictorial effects of the performance incidental tableaux were harmoniously employed in perfec the dramatic power of the great poet's almost inspired This is not the place to enter into a minute tracing of the with which Edwin Forrest is now enabled to personate Oth we can only speak of it here in its totality of spiritualized lect, and say that any nation may well be proud of an perfectly master of his art as to embody the individualiza so complex a character: and, when we witness those surgi passion required by the development of the plot, the "great tragedian" certainly belongs to the artist who c felicitously place himself and mind *en rapport* with "the tal bard." Of the other characters we are lucky in being report that they were generally well sustained. The W. Wheatley was very well read, poised, and illustrated; if it had not been so, its constructive proximity to the prominent characters would have shown as a lamentable by comparison. We did not exactly "get the hang" of tume: but we are aware that this is a debateable subject "the best authorities." Mr. Canoll's Brabantio showed neglect of punctuation in reading, but we are glad to sta he stood alone in his glory. While we are pointing out ishes, we must say that the scenery was the worst depa represented. That "seaport in Cyprus" has its moon the same age, no matter what act of the play it is set on for, moon has precisely the same cock of her eye under just cloud, no matter how the time of the piece may have pro As for architecture and chronology, they seemed thrown entirely in the stage management. These are something than blemishes. At some other time we may have more speak of Mr. Hackett's comic performances.

"Never say die!" That's the talk. All the votaries of Drama seem to partake of her universal and indestructible This day (22d) a gallant and devoted band of "good peo not exactly fairies, but some of them "fair to look upon"— from New York to fill and occupy the dramatic citadel of the Memphis Theatre for the ensuing season of 1862-63. The under the guidance of Brother B. R. Maginley, whom we h appoint and invest with the rank of brigadier general from time henceforth, and now issue the following special edict and their behalf:—To All Whom It May Concern, This Is To tify, That the bearer, our right trusty and well-beloved Brig. B. R. Maginley, and his well-chosen band of auxiliaries, du cruited by Quarter-Master Chas. F. Parsloe, are free to pas where or to rest in any place where the Drama is cherished, rality cultivated, and true religion faithfully respected. No graphical nor political limits are to be any barrier to the untrameled right of the aforesaid B. R. Maginly and his sociates in the exercise of their usual avocation—going about do good. The presentation of this document (price four per copy) shall be their full and sufficient warrant for so do

The second season of Wallack, at his new theatre, was menced on Thursday night, Sept. 18th, the opening play Knowles's mediocre effort known as the "Love Chase." The numbered the regular Wallack company, with one or two tions, and these favorites were greeted by one of the numerous assemblages of the *elite* of theatrical *habitues* have seen at a theatre this season. The theatre looks as before, the only additional improvement that we noticed the splendid drop curtain painted by Mr. A. Berger, one of the most creditable productions in that line of ever presented to a New York audience. The statue Apollo Belvidere is finely drawn, and the silk drapery of is painted with natural accuracy. The play was presented usual correct manner in which the dramas are rendered establishment, great care and attention being given to the The performances were also up to the Wallack standard, acting of Mark Smith and Miss Gannon being a feature We confess to having seen Mrs. Hoey, charmingly as almost everything assigned her, to far better advantage this play, and the same may be said of Lester Wallack. other characters were well rendered, especially the part taken by Miss Henriques. We cannot say that the performances pleased us altogether. There is room for ment. At the close of the play Mr. Wallack was loudly for, but Mr. Lester came forward and stated that he had theatre an hour before. He remarked that he should Wallack in the morning, and would convey to him this their distinguished consideration. Mr. John Gilbert opening bow this evening.

At Winter Garden, during the past week, business good, and the houses comfortably full. This was the Friday evening, when we took a "back seat" to reckon up Bateman's powers in her "third time on any stage," in the joke) Shakespeare's most powerful creation of Lady beth." As a criticism of the play would of course it remains for us to say, merely, that although her rendition the part was praiseworthy, yet there was not that either stage business or declamation that came up to our idea of character. Her sarcasm, when urging Macbeth to prosecute ambitious but wicked enterprise to become King of Sco was natural enough, and the somnambulistic scene was beautifully. In the banquet scene, however, her manner excusing Macbeth's ravings to the company, and when up him to composure, was not in harmony with the sense of text. J. W. Wallack, Jr., was excellent as Macbeth, and forcible and vigorous, he tore nothing to tatters. Edwin A as Macduff, rendered the part with commendable dignity precision. The remaining characters were moderately well tained, and the witch scenes and musical accompaniment capital. Miss Bateman was called before the curtain twice close of the 1st act, when she was the recipient of a floral ute, and great applause. The lady, with the excellent she has, ought to have a prosperous season at the Garden.

Adah Isaacs Menken commenced a two weeks' engagement the New Bowery on the 15th inst., with a new spectacular written expressly for her by James Pilgrim, entitled "The rior Shepherd, or the Mysteries of the Early Hebrew The piece forms an episode in the time of King Saul and is full of stirring scenes and incidents, and put on the magnificent style. Adah, as Robert, a Shepherd Boy, Warrior, Prince, and afterwards King of Israel—five and distinct characters—displayed great originality. In terview with Saul (J. Nunan), where the king becomes Robert (Adah), and tries his loyalty by demanding him der the prophet "Isamel" (Lanagan), we never remember ing more dignity, grandeur, and almost sublimity as in Robert's refusal: every attitude, action, look, and gesture ried an irresistible power, and the enthusiam was The Warrior Shepherd also gives Adah every opportunity play her natural ability as a swordsman, much to the our East side friends, who love to see a good hand to hand bat, especially when a lady's in the case; here it may nessed to perfection, for Adah has several fencing bouts always proved victor, but it is beyond our conception how actress of her *physique* can sustain such arduous parts night night. In the love scene between Robert and Princess (Mrs. W. G. Jones), there is a gentleness and depth of much at variance with other and more stirring scenes. one scarcely realizes that it's the same person. It is ting proverbial that Adah's costumes are among the and most costly in the profession: pretty features, metrical limbs, and fine apparel alone give many an name and fame, but add to these traits genuine and rble talent, and a slight idea may then be formed of this actress. The "Warrior Shepherd" is one of Mr. James Pilgrim best written pieces, and goes to show his versatility and

in everything he undertakes. Miss Hathaway was very in the part of "Gilboa," Sorceress of Endor, and those allot- the funny casts, Messrs. Brookes, Donnelly, and Beane, de- great credit. We were present on Wednesday, when the was very well attended. On Friday the "Warrior Shep-" was withdrawn, and "Mazeppa" substituted, the occasion Miss Adah's benefit; on this night every available spot was pied—in fact, the biggest house, perhaps, that ever was n in the New Bowery's history. Adah labored under a very ere cold, but acquitted herself bravely throughout the entire y—so much so, that there was almost a continual volley of ering. We have heretofore given the plot of Mazeppa, and h our limited space, a repetition would be superfluous. None help admiring the lady's heroic daring in her perilous nts and descents, lashed to a horse—a feat too perilous for lady imitators—yet a feeling of terror for her safety creeps r one whenever this hazardous trick is attempted. We can on with pleasure at the last act, where she mounts her fiery d and dashes up the runs unfettered and unconfined, for it is ly an exquisite exhibition of equestrianism. Owing to Miss A. 's painful hoarseness, "Sally Smart," with Fanny Denham in leading character, was substituted for "Polly Quick," the rpiece being the "Assassins of Rosenwold." Everything t off merry as a marriage bell. This evening Adah appears nother fine equestrian drama, "Eagle Eye," and on the 1st of ober leaves us for California.

W. Thompson and family are in this city, having arrived m Troy, where the Adelphi has been suddenly closed, and W.T., with other good people, were lately "left out in the cold." asian E. Dodge has been in town for a couple of days, and for Boston on the 22d. O. E. D. is preparing for his annual certizing tour among the New England towns, and will be in e old harness" soon. Last year he commenced on the 10th t., and kept at it for forty-four weeks. He has been doing contemplative and constructive lately out at St. Paul, in Min- ota, where he has a Yankee's stake in the national welfare. s five years since Friend Dodge came among us Yorkers, and se five years seem to have made him ten years younger, rk in the East and play in the West have evidently kept him st about meridian."

The Colonel is caught at last—Col. T. Allston Brown, of Phila- phia—who has been and gone and committed matrimony, on 18th, with Miss Fannie A. Beckley, of this city. The Colonel a great man for traveling, as his business requires, and we pe that his path in life may be strewed with bouquets, bril- nts, and immense posters, so that the happy couple may never d themselves in a brown study.

The Bryants and their associates in the art of amusing the blic, seem to retain their usual supremacy, notwithstanding e immense competition going on in Broadway. At 472 the fact the doors being open signifies that philosophy and fun are e to be agreeably combined in their pleasing programmes, d the public seem never tired of reciprocating with such lightful artists.

We have a letter for John Hilan Myers, comic singer, yet un- lled for.

J. F. Crossen, formerly in D. Hanchett's Dramatic Company, at present in this city.

As previously hinted by us, Manager Hooley has taken the hall the corner of Court and Remson streets, Brooklyn, and it is be much improved before he caters for the public again.

That report about James Maeder opening with promenade ncerts at the Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, seems to have some obability. Bad for Laura.

## DRAMATIC.

"Bay View," thus reviews the theatres of San Francisco, writ- g on Aug. 25th:—Theatricals are excessively dull here now. San ancisco is just commencing to feel the pressure of hard times hich has pervaded the Eastern theatrical world; and many of e poor professionals here have a hard struggle to keep soul d body together. At the American Theatre, manager Leighton s obliged to succumb to hard times, close the theatre, and ve up his lease. He is now in the mines, with a small com- ny on the joint stock arrangement. After being closed a few eks, this house was opened last week by C. R. Thorne, with a ir company, the members sharing pro rata after dead expenses e paid; but, thus far, little remains for division, though the eces are well presented and well acted......The Union Theatre under the management of McKean Buchanan (or old Buck as is called here) on the joint stock plan, and there remains a lance each night, after expenses, to divide among the company, ough I'm afraid they don't realize full salary. The company good for the class of dramas produced, which are decidedly of e red and blue fire tinge, but they draw the only paying houses the city......At the Metropolitan Theatre, the last operatic ason was brought to a sudden close by the failure of Sig. anchi to pay up the salaries. On the last night of the season iss Parker took a farewell benefit, as she is announced to leave ortly for New York. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was per- rmed, Miss Parker appearing as Lucia for the first time. Miss rker has won hosts of friends here by her beautiful singing, d will carry with her East the good wishes of all. We bespeak r her great success in New York. Mons. Edouard (or Mons. douard Herman, for he has been advertised here as the original erman) has taken the Metropolitan for the past two weeks d under the management of Mr. Andrus, Mons. Edouard's nt, the business was fair at first, but it grew beautifully less d last night he closed, and Monsieur goes to the country. ople who have seen the real Herman say Mons. Edouard is in way comparable to him. I understand another spasmodic tempt is to be made at opera shortly. The German perform- nces at the American are given on Sunday nights; business od, houses crowded.

"Seneca," writing from St. Louis, on the 16th Sept., says:— he "Seven Sisters" was produced last night at the St. Louis heatre, to a very full house. To you, who have seen it done at aura Keene's, it is useless to mention any particulars of the iece, or say more than that it proved a success last night, and ill probably be run for some days or weeks.

"Camera," one of our correspondents at Troy, under date of 9th Sept., says:—I regret that there is almost a complete agnation in all sorts of amusements, but I proceed at once to iz. Firstly then, our pretty little Adelphi Theatre is closed. r. F. B. Conway opened it only Saturday evening last, with the "Peep o' Day," everything being produced in lavish style, and early $50 turned away from the doors, so great was the rush onsequent upon its production. Mrs. F. B. Conway and John ickenson were in the cast, and the remainder of the company as very fair. Mr. Conway, having previous engagements in New York and Washington, left on Tuesday, to the surprise of many. I understand he expressed a willingness to assume harge of the theatre, upon a slight concession of the stock- holders, who, by-the-by, seem unwilling to encourage a first class management......R. S. Manuel, late of the Adelphi, is making reparations to open a first class dancing academy here in ctober. He has been a favorite here, and will do well without doubt......At the close of the Adelphi, the "people" dispersed s follows:—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mr. and Mrs. Ned hompson and daughters, Gustavus Clarke, to New York; Fred Kent, to Memphis; John Nickenson, Miss Phillips, G. F. McDonald and lady, Evers, and Higgins, to Cincinnati. Mr. Manuel remains for objects above stated, while the minor people ave "vanished into thin air."

In making room for the following communication from "Now and Then," one of our correspondents in Pittsburgh, we do so without any other motive than giving the current news in con- nection with passing events. There is a sort of "old grudge" (we are sorry to observe) between managers and performers out West. The former say that performers do not abide n good faith by their engagements, and the latter say that managers get them away from home and subsequently treat them anyhow. The present case (if as stated) lies between parties well able to take care of their respective interests, and therefore we hope no harm can occur from giving it a free ventilation before the public:—Pittsburgh, Sept. 17, 1862.—Dear Clipper:—To show your readers how many Western managers are sometimes put to their wits ends by stars making positive engagements and then breaking them in the eleventh hour, allow me to state a plain case in a plain way which came to my knowledge through the treasurer of the Pittsburg Theatre during the latter part of the past week. About the middle of last July when Manager Henderson was East, among other star engagements, he closed one with Mr. E. L. Davenport at his own terms to commence on Monday, 15th inst., and continue for six nights. Mr. Davenport was to be the first star of the season, and as he had not been in our city for a long time, and as the town always gets on its "rampage" when a first class legitimate star visits us, you may rest assured that the manager and all hands concerned calculated on seeing crowded houses during Mr. D.'s engagement. Considerable preparation had been made, and a number of local articles written by reporters announcing that the great tragedian would surely appear on Monday night, were allowed to be published; as no one even dreamed of a non-fulfilment of the contract. But mark how utterly disregardful some people are of another's interests. On Friday, the 12th inst., the management were in receipt of the following letter, which the treasurer has kindly permitted me to copy:—"Baltimore, Sept. 9, 1862.—W. Henderson, Esq., *Dear Sir:* Owing to the fearfully excited state of the country, the occupation of Pennsylvania by the rebels, the immediate expectation of the destruction of the telegraph and railroad facilities between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the probability of 'martial-law' being declared in your State and city, and the possibility of places of amusement being closed as in Cincinnati, I deem it my duty to forego our engagement at your theatre next week, and postpone it until some future time, when 'grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front.' Mr. Davenport and myself both regret this state of affairs, and hope you will be subject to no annoyance on our account. But I am acting for the best, and see no other way than by postponing the engagement until it will suit your convenience. Yours truly, Henry C. Jarrett, agent for E. L. Davenport." Astonished and non-plused at the receipt of such a letter at such a time, the management immediately telegraphed to Mr. Davenport, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he then was playing, to know if he intended to break the engagement; and on Saturday night, about eight o'clock, received the following answer:—"Have consulted with Jarrett. Under circumstances impracticable to come. E. L. Davenport." And that was the end of it. At that late moment, orders were given to change the bill for Monday night, and instructions were accordingly sent to the printers to that effect. "Telegraph and railway facilities destroyed," indeed! Now if this was really the fear that kept Mr. Davenport from visiting our city, there would be some excuse for his apparent nervousness. But will any one suppose for a moment that such is the fact? Is there not a probability that he is now playing somewhere under a recent engagement made by his agent, Mr. Jarrett? To what an extent must old Stonewall Jackson and his rebel crew have worked upon the fears of the tragedian, when it is known to himself, as well as all others, that even had "Secesh" taken possession of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, he could have escaped; moreover, should he not have been disposed to have grasped a musket and helped beat back the invaders, by the way of Cleveland and Buffalo. But where is the use in arguing the case? Is it not transparent as the noonday sun? Of one fact, however, it would here be advisable to warn Manager Henderson, and that is, he should use his best endeavors to guard against any similar contracts during the present season, or our public will lose confidence in his flaming announcements. Last year the theatre-goers here were disappointed in a similar manner by Mr. Murdoch and one or two other prominent persons in the profession, and should it be practiced much oftener, the public cannot be found fault with if they are slow to believe all extra announcements until the parties are actually in town. In the absence of Mr. Davenport, the management produced on Monday night, a new drama entitled "The Idiot of the Mountain." It was repeated last night to a crowded audience. Mr. G. D. Chaplin and Miss Lizzie Gillett sustained the principal parts in the piece, and were ably supported by the other members of the stock company, who are daily growing into favor with our theatre-goers. To-night Mr. Will Henderson appears for the first time in the difficult *role* of Hamlet, and on Monday night we are promised Mr. Proctor.....Trimbles' Varieties has been doing an increased business this week over last. Manager Smythe has a good company collected together, and certainly gives a very creditable performance for 10 cents.....Hoping to be able to tell you in my next that Mr. Proctor arrived and appeared on time, I remain yours truly, Now and Then.

We have much to say about the lively old Holliday-street, Baltimore, and our correspondent "Fitz" has sent us something that just about fits at the present time, so here we let him rip:—Miss Annette Ince, the tragic star, is now performing at this theatre. The Holliday is a favorite place with all the stars to act in; its breadth of stage, and space before and behind the curtain, is ample for all the requirements of effect, the actors, and the audiences......The lessee and manager who have successfully carried on this place of amusement for years, are also proprietor and director of Ford's New Theatre, Washington, D. C., and Jno. T. Ford's name is good for an attractive entertainment at both houses......Mrs. Chapman (formerly Mrs. Silsbee, relict of the famous Josh Silsbee,) is at this theatre, as one of the company. Miss Annie Graham, a ladylike actress, is also here. Bishop, quite a humorous actor in his way, is the comedian. The other members of the company we intend to mention as soon as we see further of them......John E. Owens will succeed Miss Ince. Owens was always favorably received in Baltimore, and we trust he will be more so than ever this time. The pretty Fanny Brown is booked for one of Ford's theatres, either here or in Washington, we can't decidedly say. Fanny's indeed a fair specimen of female beauty; she speaks well, laughs well, acts well, does well, and looks well.

We learn, with great pleasure, that Mdlle. Christine, of the Zavistowski Family, is now engaged among "the new recruits" for Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. We hope the lady has or may arrive safely, with Mesdames Farren, Sloan, etc., who intend "serving in the same company."

The engagement of J. S. Clarke at Ford's New Theatre, in Washington, is now followed by that of Maggie Mitchell.

Manager John A. Ellsler is in the field with two strings to his bow. His Athenæum, at Columbus, Ohio, has been improved and freshly decorated, so as to be well adapted for any kind of musical as well as dramatic performances. J. A. E. also has the Academy of Music, at Cleveland, Ohio, where the next dramatic season commences on the 1st Jan. next. His present company there is doing well, and "The Sea of Ice" seems a seasonable favorite. He has Mr. (stage manager) and Mrs. James Dickson, Mrs. Effie and Little Effie Ellsler, Mrs. and Miss Bradshaw, J. C. McCollom, Colin Stewart, J. W. Carroll, James Lewis, Jeffrey, Uhl, Phillips, Voltz, Lockwood, Rogers, Purcell, Jones, Charles, Sands, King, Foster, Johnson, etc. Mr. C. Busch, formerly with the Holman Opera Troupe, is now treasurer for J. A. E.

G. A. Hough's Comedy Company is around the north-western part of this State, and were at Oswego, on the 13th, with the probability of staying, although not obliged to stay. G. A. H., has James Mathers for stage manager, and Geo. Stone for leader of orchestra. Among the company are Harry Clayton, J. F. Crossen, J. G. Lester, C. Conway, with Mesdames H. A. Perry, Kate Burnett, Emma Mathers, etc. Mrs. H. A. Perry makes a pretty good Sophia Snowdrop, "fond of waltzing and apple pie." We have met with just such girls, exactly. James Mathews can touch off Timothy Toodles, etc., in fair style.

Manager J. C. Myers is sure to do the handsome thing, and awakened up old Providence, R. I., on the 17th, with a benefit for the Volunteer Fund. All his old company, with Bideaux and Lewis's Minstrels, Shepard's Brass Band, etc., were among the volunteers for the benefit of the fighting volunteers. All right.

"Od, pikes and bagnets!" After all the rub-a-dub-dubs out there at Cincinnati, the grand opening of Pike's Opera House has been set down for the 22d, and we hope all's going on well. Nearly all the performers previously engaged by Messrs. Shires and Jones left New York on the 15th, and arrived "in good order and well conditioned" on the 17th. On the evening of the 19th all had "arrove" except Miss Annie Wilks, and no doubt she was not far off. We may now, therefore, give a complete list of the company who are to enliven this establishment: Lessee and manager, Wm. Shires; stage manager, Robert Jones. Dramatic company, Messrs. Geo. Aiken, John B. Nickinson, M. V. Lingham, H. V. Phillips, H. Marshall, C. Hale, W. Wallace, W. S. Higgins, E. Gross, R. S. Manuel, J. Reynolds, S. Canfield, F. Howell, B. Porter, M. Wilson, W. B. Burt, T. Morris, J. Barnes, R. Stanton, G. Marston, J. C. Wilten, L. Conner, H. Howland, etc., with Mesdames M. A. Farren, A. Sloan, Emily Thorne, Mattie Pennoyer, Zavistowski, Mary Bigelow, Annie Wilks, C. Phillips, Nelly Stanton, Kate Scott, Annie Elmore, Julia Fisher, Lucy King, Mollie Senter, Kate Marshall, and Little Alice Honesdale, with Peter C. Byrne for prompter. Orchestra—Alex Haigh, [illegible] Rutinger, F. Shusser, L. Brand, L. Ballenberg, N. B. Gollnecht, L. Kneabel, G. Bloss, T. Kuhne, H. Rohe, J. Kuhne, M. Kingsberry, G. Steele, with H. Hahe for leader. Ballet—Fanny Vernon, Lucy Miller, Amanda Wooten, Minnie Wooten, Charlotte Moss, Carrie Bradford, Ettie Wilson, Annie South, Emma Keith, Jennie Brown, Ella Waterman, Ellen Walsh, Frances Fox, Jane Ford, Sallie Rose, Sue Richings, Josey Frost, Emma Howard, Kittie Mills, Hattie Skerritt, Molly Taylor, Kate Stevens, Esther Roberts, Effie Dean, etc., led by M'dlle Christine; scenic artists, Wm. T. Porter, R. Farren; machinists, A. G. Reeder, D. Duffield; costumers, J. Saunders, Jr., Wm. McCormick; property men, J. Saunders, C. Wilson; general auxiliaries, C. Lewis, P. Francis, E. Downing, W. Marsh, R. Mansell, H. Morton, W. Cowell, G. Elliott, H. Ross, B. English, D. Endress, M. E. Flint, C. Harris, E. Crossman, G. Foster, C. Ormsby, H. Saunders, O. Brown, S. Harbaugh, F. Mitchell, N. Thompson, L. Bartow, R. Miller, D. Powers, M. Simmonds, A. Abrahams, J. C. Bell, H. Grever, M. S. Stone, G. P. Roys, N. Spencer, R. Franklin, A. Pratt, G. S. McDonald, A. Lloyd, M. Nichols, C. Francis, R. Johnson, E. B. Johnson, S. Loucheim, A. Williams, M. Toohey, J. Thomas, etc. Here is a pretty fair dramatic detachment to take care of Pike's Opera House, and defend it "against all comers," whether roystering rebels or blue devils. We look for good news from that citadel of the muses.

The "star system" does not appear to suit our Boston friends, judging from the houses lately at the Howard, in that city. Not even the Webb Sisters could overcome the difficulties in the way. Well, nothing like proving the pudding.

The Walnut and Arch Street Theatres, Philadelphia, are both working along under the star system. The Arch commenced business with Miss Mitchell, who performed for two weeks, and was not re-engaged. In this time, she produced her version of the Cricket, of which we have already given an extended notice. She was succeeded by Miss Jane Coombs, who, like her predecessor, has not created much of a sensation. More experience upon the stage may make this lady more acceptable as a star. Just now, she is working up hill. She, also, will probably bring her performances to an end here at the close of her second week, about the 27th. On the 23d, a benefit in aid of the Association for the Relief of the Orphan Children of Soldiers will be given at the Arch, for which occasion Miss Coombs volunteers her aid. A worthy act towards a deserving object.......The Walnut opened with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and they, too, closed after performing two weeks. They were succeeded by Mrs. Emma Waller, the greatest Lady Macbeth upon the stage, in which character she appears this evening, Sept. 22d. During the past week she produced the "Sybil," and the "Duchess of Malfi," the latter being one of this talented lady's greatest efforts. But her Lady Macbeth will probably meet with greater success than either of those plays we have mentioned. Mr. E. L. Tilton will appear as Macbeth, and Mr. L. P. Barrett as Macduff.......The Continental has opened under the management of Mr. Randall, and thus far has had a fair share of patronage. Galetti, the *danseuse*, is here. She is a splendid dancer, and a hard worker. M'lle. Helene is also here, likewise the sisters Augusta and Marie, all excellent dancers. Mme. D'Ormy and Mme. Von Berkel do the operatics, and Maffit and Bartholomew do the "pantomimics."

Miss Eleanor Ward and Mr. E. A. Sothern (Dundreary) will please accept our sincere thanks for their *cartes de visite* and autographs just to hand from London.

Cincinnati must have been hurt badly in her amusements, during the recent threatened invasion by the rebels. It is stated that in a conversation, one day last week, a friend said to Mr. Pike that the rebels would make use of the Opera House if they should succeed in getting into Cincinnati. "Well," said Mr. P., "let them take it; if they rent it one season, it will bankrupt the Confederacy, sure." We believe the rebels didn't take it.

The new theatre in Philadelphia is progressing favorably, the walls being partly up already. The time of opening has not been decided upon. At first it was thought that the place might be finished at the opening of the coming year, but it is not certain that it will be completed by that time, and the inauguratory ceremonies may not take place till Spring. Much will depend upon the war, and the prospects of a termination of the rebellion.

The Adelphi, Troy, remains closed. Here is a chance for some enterprising "kuc" (new spelling for "cuss.") The dramatic folks have left for some more congenial circumstances.

Dolly Davenport did not arrive in Quebec untill the 15th. The house was to have commenced biz., on the 11th, with Alice Placide as the star, but Dolly not arriving, the commencement was postponed until the 13th.

We thought J. S. Clarke was successful enough while at Washington, but his Baltimore engagement at the Holliday is more triumphant than ever. Ditto of Fanny Brown.

Emily Thorne followed Alice Placide at Toronto, and opened in "The Little Treasure," terminating on the 19th with a fine ben. in "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Maggie Mitchell is drawing good houses at John T. Ford's New Theatre in Washington. John T. always contrives to a T when to be in Baltimore and when in Washington. His stage manager at the Washington house is Humphrey Bland. Humph! Joseph Parker has "got up" some new scenery for "Fanchon," and is now doing ditto for "Dot." Alvin Read is on hand, also Bishop—Falstaffian Bishop, also Mrs. Chapman—relict of Josh Silsbee, also the Misses Melville and Hodges—two of the graces, also Squire Bailey and Miss Carr—the "old heads on young shoulders" of this establishment. Altogether, we certainly think this part of Washington may be set down as "safe." Let the rebels get "cross" at that "Ford," if they dare. We hope John T. may get a good share out of the big end of "the horn of plenty."

John H. Allen took a ben. at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 19th, and is followed on the 22d by Geo. Pauncefort.

Gabriel Ravel and his "Young America" have revived the fortunes of the Boston Theatre, but must soon leave.

Abel Drake and his wife are now laid on the shelf at the Boston Museum. This week begins with "Jeannette," etc., C. Barton Hill's version of the "Claude Marcel" now at Barnum's. E. F. Keach and Kate Reignolds have the burden of the piece, and W. Warren is allowed a rest. Glad to see Walter Benn in the cast. How very "Frenchy" Tremont Row is becoming!

Mr. and Miss Richings are now in their third week at Buffalo, and enjoy undiminished popularity, as their sterling merits certainly entitle such artists to receive.

Manager Harrison's Excelsior Dramatic Company have alternated from Denver to Central City again, and opened at the National on the 8th with "Satan in Paris."

Kelley's New York Dramatic Troupe opened at Kirby Hall, in Brantford, C. W., on the 15th, for two weeks, producing the first night "The Stranger" and "Family Jars," and the second "All that Glitters is not Gold" and "Your Life's in Danger," drawing good houses. The troupe is composed of Miss Cushman, Mrs. Young, Miss Douglass, W. S. Forrest, W. H. Davis, Master Young, W. H. Kelley, J. C. Collins, etc.

R. E. J. Miles still graces George Wood's, Cincinnati, in horse pieces, notwithstanding that cavalry regiment he is engaged in forming. Mesdames Macarthy and Vincent are among the fresh attractions this week.

J. A. Neafie is the big card this week at the National, Cincinnati, but M. W. Fiske continues to be the big card in the comic line, afterpieces, etc. "Mose" is making friends, as usual.

The two benefits recently given by Manager John C. Myers, at his Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., for the Volunteer Fund, have realized one thousand and fifty-seven dollars—the first $450, and the second $607. Well done, good old Providence! and well done, magnaninous Manager John C.!

H. C. Jarrett opens the Washington Theatre on the 29th.

Mary Provost, having done Louisville, does St. Louis on the 29th.

## MUSIC HALLS.

"M.," writing from Harrisburg, Pa., on September 13th, says:—In the way of amusements hereabouts, we have the Gaiety Music Hall, and Sanford Opera House. The former is under the management of Bob Edwards, well known in your city, and the latter is occupied at present by the "gay and incomparable S. S. S." himself. Both establishments are well patronized. The success of the Gaiety is attributable not only to Bob's clever management, but to the superior excellency of his troupe. First and foremost among the ladies is Julia Edwards—the pretty wife of the proprietor—whose vocal performances and personal attractions are much admired. Julia is assisted by Mollie Fielding—a New York favorite—whose pleasant voice, sunny smiles, and charming "make up" bring the "boys" down with a "run." The *corps du ballet* proper comprises Kate Archer and the sisters Lizzie and Kate Francis. Lizzie, the eldest of the sisters, is a fine blonde of twenty years or—thereabouts, with a well proportioned bust, plump arms, and though her "walkers," which she lavishly displays *a la Celeste*, are of rather an exuberant amplitude, yet their symmetry are unexceptionable and beyond cavil. Her sister Kate made her *debut* here last Friday night, and is now the "bright particular star" of the establishment, attracting immense and enthusiastic audiences, who are completely carried away with her beauty and genius. The male part of the troupe, beside Bob, is composed of Dick Berthelon, famous on bone solo, T. H. Hollis, jig dancer, and Edwin Hyde, comedian. Weeber's orchestra, the best in the State, outside of Philadelphia, furnish the music, which itself is worth the price of admission. I shall allude more particularly to Sanford's establishment next week.

"Bay View," thus writes from San Francisco, on the 25th Aug.: Gilbert's business fair; Sherry Corbyn has assumed the outside management of this place, and has somewhat improved the business by judicious advertising. The Worrell Sisters are the principal attraction. Gilbert's Willows give three weekly afternoon performances, by the Melodeon company......Bella Union; business good, houses crowded nightly as usual......Opera House, under the management of W. H. Smith, is doing a fair but not paying business. Birch and Cotton are the chief attractions. Billy O'Neill appears, when he is sober enough.

A pretty good view of the music halls in Detroit has been furnished us by "Mohawk," writing on the 17th:—Mr. L. M. Bayless generously tendered the proceeds of last Friday evening at the Varieties to the "Soldier's Aid Society." A very fine bill was presented, the nautical comedy of "The Middy Ashore"—the military drama of "Napoleon's Old Guard"—the farce of "The Old Clock," and the pantomime of "The School Master"—also the beautiful ballet divertisement "Pas des Fleurs," in which was some very fine posturing and tableaux by the Schultze Sisters, Miss Julia Hamilton and Amie Harrison. This, together with singing and dancing, made up a heavy bill for one night. Miss Lizzie Schultze as Harry Halcyon, the Middy, with songs and dance, was decidedly dashing and breezy, and looked very bewitching in sailor "rig." Mr. J. R. White as Tom Cringle, the old boatswain, was of the salt sea—salty ("Have a chaw tobacco, marm?") As Haversac in the old Guard, Mr. White was very fine, playing with much feeling and effect. Miss Schultze as Melanie was excellent. Lord Beauville was well rendered by Mr. Frank Bosworth, who kindly volunteered his services for the occasion as Bobby in the pantomime. Mr. Edeson was "rich and racy." Indeed the whole performance was quite worthy of a first-class theatre. All honor to Mr. Bayless and his "goodly companee," and may their days ever be long for their kind efforts to aid our noble soldiers. Mr. Bayless has made a "ten strike" by engaging the "Queen of Song," Miss Eva Brent, who will commence at the Varieties about the middle of October. Miss Emma Winthrop, late at the Varieties, has gone to St. Louis. Messrs. Brimmer and Pell are also gone and are now "holding forth" at the Cleveland Varieties. More novelties are in preparation at Beller's Concert Hall. Miss Clara Burton (jig dancer) made her first appearance last Monday evening. Mr. George Miles and Mr. Lew Benedict will shortly appear.

The Metropolitan Melodeon, Sacramento, has had fair times lately, with Mdme. Biscaccianti for the principal attraction.

The Canterbury, Chicago, has lost T. W. Andrews, who opened at Milwaukee on the 15th, but still the place thrives. Some additions have recently been made, and the company now stands:—Messrs. E. D. Gooding, Joe Childs, W. J. Mack, D. W. Collins, S. S. Fitch, Charles, Bichl, Schubert, etc., with Mesdames Fox, Kate Partington, Julia and Lizzie Sale, Kathleen O'Neil, and Mdlle. Eloise. On the 15th, James Arnold, V. S. Wilks, and Billy Pell, made their first bow-wow at the Canterbury, and were well received.

As we stated last week, Col. Harry Howard, at the Gayety Music Hall, Albany, is making it a first-class place of amusement. See his advertisement.

Pending the new arrangements for Mead's Minstrels, Gustave Bideaux and W. H. Lewis have temporarily formed a parlor opera troupe, and appeared at Manchester Hall, Pautucket, R. I., on the 19th, as a sort of experiment, assisted by Don Perugini, pianist. A capital idea, and likely to have an agreeable fruition, as both Gus and Billy are capable of giving satisfaction to the most elegant audiences, and report speaks well of the piano playing of Mastro Don Perugini.

Manager Campbell had a grand comp. ben. at Harry Howard's Gayety Music Hall on the 18th. All sorts of extras were on the bill, and some of the best talent in Albany contributed volunteers. Sam Chestnut sustained the character of Jerry Clip, introducing imitations of Forrest, Booth, Macready, G. V. Brooke, Davenport, Eddy, Barney Williams, and Billy Florence!

The Melodeon and Olympic, Philadelphia, are in full swing again, the former under the control of Mr. Wm. Butler, the latter under the management of Mr. W. Blanobois. The company engaged at the Melodeon embraces the names of Miss Eva Brent, M'lle Sophie Neilson, the Forrest sisters, J. S. Maffit, Denny Gallagher, Fattie Stewart, Jim Budworth, Tom Vance, W. Bartholomew (Maffit and Bartholomew seem to take two turns each night, being also announced at the Continental), Charley Gardner, the Delevante Brothers, and a *ballet corps* under Paul Brillant. The Olympic forces were as follows:—Misses Clifton, Gardner, Smith, Marshall, Butler, Duprez, Lagrange, Carline, Amine; Mons. Zavistowski and Maresti; Messrs. Parker, Sheldon, Brown, Holmes, Cannen, Murray, Thiodon and Endre; and a *corps de ballet*. The Melodeon "Defies the World," and the Olympic "is considered by the public to be the only legitimate place of amusement in the city." So the bills tell us. C. McMillan is stage manager of the Melodeon, and Wm. Wolf business manager of the Olympic......Long's Varieties, in the lower section of the city, moves along in a quiet manner. The company performing here numbers in it Misses Sallie Duval, Mary Newton, Carrie Carson, Rosa Volante, Melinda Nagle, the Wallace Brothers, Jimmy Williams, J. C. Keene, Wm. Lesher, H. Merckle, and Billy Chambers. This house "defies competition."

The Toledo blades have had to part with the singing and dancing of Miss Ada Laurent, as she is now starring for Manager Carr. By the way, Blake and Hayes are now in the twenty-fifth week of a "slashing" season among the Toledo blades.

The Baltimore Melodeon, under the management of Albert Lea, is doing a "big bizness," and has been, notwithstanding the excitement caused by the rebel Lee's proclamation. Manager Lea, assisted by his business manager, J. P. Smith, is soon to open the Baltimore Museum with a dramatic company, when it is not apprehended that they will be wrecked on a lee shore.

## NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Frank Hayes seems anxious to find Dan Shelby, or how the latter could be reached by letter, as Frank has some important news for Dan. Frank has a small minstrel party of his own, and is doing a tolerably fair biz. among the towns in Ohio.

Johnny Booker's Minstrels opened for the week at Cleveland, O., on the 15th, and are now "feeling the enemy" while on their "winding way" to St. Louis, intending to commence as soon as "circumstances may permit." This party are on their third annual tour, and, as this is Johnny's sixteenth or seventeenth year (the years will roll around, Johnny!) before the public, we have no doubt that he will keep on "talking like a book," and "make up a safe book" wherever he goes. He has the Dobson Brothers (Chas. E. V. and Frank P.,) banjoists; Carrie Edgar, principal dancer; Johnny Lewis, wench dancer; W. H. Donaldson, rope walker; Harry Gilbert, comic pantomimist; Hugh Dougherty, jig dancer; Glendenning, Julius Moran, O'Neil, and Stypes, vocalists; James Omesney, first violin, etc. They seem booked for success.

As Mead's Minstrels are close at hand, if not already here, after coming through Connecticut, we give the muster-roll of the company:—S. B. Mead, proprietor; J. M. Warriner, vocalist and stage manager; John Kalk, first violin and leader; Gustave Bideaux, baritone; J. Henry Murphy, tenor; Harvey Paul, bones; R. J. Turner, violoncello; G. C. Stanley, contra basso; Joseph Breekly, cornet; Wm. C. Wertner, basso; Wm. Walsh, second violin; Charley Mead, bones; Wm. H. Lewis, soprano; T. J. Huntley, banjo and jig dancer; Andrew Keller, flute and piccolo; Master Thomas Paul, wench dancer; Little Bobby Mead, snare drummer; Dan Evans, tambo; Joe Morris, extravaganza vocalist; Joe Emmett, ditto; C. W. Wiltham, scenic artist; H. M. Wood, treasurer; C. N. Beekor, business agent. A pretty tall party, whether in town, or journeying over "the flowery meads."

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's party in Boston, right opposite the Old South, keep up their running fire of laughter-causing novelties so well that the more the public go the more people want to go. Lon Morris has a new song this week, "The Yankee Volunteers." Ed. Bowers's new song, "The Mudsills are Coming," is now in its second week, and is better liked every night.

That "latest lot" of "Original Campbells," under Manager C. A. Morningstar, did well in Indianapolis, and are now in Louisville. They return to Indianapolis, and perform there during the State Fair, after which they intend coming this way.

## CIRCUSES.

"The Boys" write us thus from Louisville, Ind., on the 14th Sept.:—Robinson & Lake's Combined Menagerie and Circus, having returned from their tour through the Canadas, are now in Indiana. The company comprises the following well-known performers: Mlle. Alice, Mlle. Agnes, Emma Lake, Madame Seamon, John Robinson, Wm. Lake, Willie Armand, the Roland Brothers, P. H. Seamon, Signor Hernandez, A. F. Aymar, Samuel Rhinhardt, Clark Gibbs, Gus Shaw, Harry Keys, and Madame Lake. They perform four days in Indianapolis at the State Fair, commencing on the 29th of September, where they would request their friends to write.

Levi North's boy, Master Henry, recently turned up missing while Mr. North was absent from home. He had on a black Kossuth hat, brown linen coat, and corduroy pants; he is between 13 and 14 years of age, of light complexion, and is well known in the profession, as he is an intelligent boy, and very clever in his business. The boy is said to have been spoken to by a man, some time ago, on the subject of going into the U. S. service, and this man gave him some money at the time, and he is supposed to have followed the "teachings" of this individual, for no trace of him has been had since he left his home. It is rather hard to have men come among families, and entice such young children to leave their parents.

The circus season is rapidly approaching a *finale*, and soon we shall have our traveling friends with us once more, in the cities where show people most do congregate. Some few have made money; some will come out of the campaign without loss; others, again, have long since fallen back in disorder, while there are plenty more holding out to the last in the hope of retrieving past losses. Canada and the British provinces have been the most profitable spots during the season, we should judge. Van Amburg, we hear, has done very well, and Lent has also come in for a good share of patronage. Dr. Spaulding, too, we are informed, has made money with Dan Rice's concern, of which the Doctor is, and has been for some time, the head. The threatened invasion of the free States, has materially interfered with the prospects of show people, and the area of their travels has been somewhat narrowed.

De Haven's Circus Company showed at Quincy, Ill., on the 14th, and are at present in Davenport, Iowa, after which they move southwards until reaching St. Louis.

The Goodwin & Wilder and Mrs. Dan Rice Combination Show are to be at Quebec on the 29th.

Robinson & Toole's Circus are around Brantford, C. W. but our correspondents do not report any good biz. for them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Professor Anderson, the Great Wizard of the North, was at the Town Hall, Guelph, in Canada, on the 17th and 18th, and seemed likely to stay in that quarter. He is building a Chinese pagoda opposite the Rosslyn House, and his son, who has been performing at Kingston, will soon join him in their usual performances. Already Miss Anderson's second sight biz. is an important feature in the Professor's "enchanted evenings" at Guelph.

Prof. J. M. Searl has been going into the hunting and fishing biz. around Lake Superior, but has resumed professional biz. in Canada, and was at the Town Hall, Guelph, on the 12th and 13th. He intends to touch up ventriloquism, prestidigitation, necromancy, etc., during the week of the Provincial Fair at Toronto.

Yankee Miller's Parlor Dramas seem to take well in the towns of Michigan. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Riley are re-engaged. Biz. good, and even Coldwater gave a cordial reception, putting all in good spirits, and nobody "riled" more than they wished.

Hubbard's Mirror of the American War is doing a fair biz. in the towns around Boston. Miss Hastie is the vocalist.

Woodward's Panorama of the War is among the towns in Massachusetts. John Davies, formerly the "heavy villain" of the Boston Museum, contributes his services as lecturer. Prof. J. W. Turner is the pianist.

With respect to the various kinds of traveling companies at present among the interior towns of California, we obtain a glimpse of a few of them by a letter from "Bay View," leaving San Francisco on the 25th Aug:—Mr. Leighton's company performed at Jackson on the 23d, at Auburn on the 24th, and next at Placerville......An opera troupe, under the management of C. C. Northrup, is perambulating the country cities. The principals are Miss Parker, Sig. Grossi, Mons. Charles Herr Schraubstadten, Mons. Roncorieri, and Mad. Klebbs. They performed at San Jose three nights last week, and go thence to Sacramento, Folsom, and Placerville......A vehicle containing Murphy & Backus' Minstrels, fourteen in number, was upset on the 23d, while ascending a little hill near San Juan. The parties were all thrown out. Edmond had one of his legs broken. Miss Louisa Paul, her father, and Joe Murphy, were badly bruised......The *Nevada Transcript* says Sam Wells has visited Nevada with a company some fifteen or twenty times, and invariably, no matter what month of the year, it has commenced raining......Joe Pentland's Circus has made a good thing at Marysville, Red Bluffs, etc. Bartholomew's Circus was at Columbia on the 15th Aug......The "Panorama of the War on Canvas" is at Sacramento; the "London Steresceme" is at Grass Valley.

J. W. Whiston, the American Humorist, was at Hornellsville, Portageville, Nunda, and Mount Morris, N. Y., on the 15th, 17th, 19th, and 20th insts.

"Camera," writing from Troy on the 19th, thus reflects on some of the neighboring side shows:—Woodroffe's Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers have been announced for some time, but are still holding forth at Albany. They are immense favorites here. Speaking of glass blowers, their gentlemanly little agent, Ed. J. White, "allowed" to me the other day that "fakirs" generally were exempt from the draft, on the ground that the law recognizes "strolling players" as vagabonds!" How's that?

Mons. De Lave and family have been meeting with considerable success in their rope-walking exhibitions at Cohoes Falls, during the past two weeks. A fine brass and string band was in attendance, and a cotillon party succeeded the regular rope performance. His evening performances, with fireworks, etc., were considered as being equal to those of Blondin.

A company entitled the Lyric Solo and Glee Union, with Miss Sara E. Stone, as the Soprano; Messrs. De Vere, and H. Freighl, Tenors; Mr. W. Tomlin, Baritone; Basso, Mr. Geo. Wright, Jr.; Pianist, Chas. G. Titcomb, have been down East, to Lynn, Salem, etc., doing a good biz. The gentlemen are all fine musicians. The pianist, C. G. Titcomb, is going to the war with the Putnam Blues of Charleston, a company in the 47th Regt., of Mass., Volunteers.

The Peak Family have "peaked into" Schenectady, Troy, etc., and are now "peaking" for the Eastern States.

The Tremaine Family are not yet "up a tree," but remain with us, as we observe that they gave a concert very successfully at Schenectady on the 19th.

Bruce & Holmes' Panorama of the War has returned to Boston, after a very fair run of success while on their travels. Both the proprietors have caught the war fever—talking so much about it, perhaps—although their lecturer, Charles Miller Charter—having talked too much, perhaps, remains by the concern—or what remains of it—in Boston. Bruce has joined the Somerville Light Infantry, a very fine company in the Massachusetts 5th Regt., and Holmes is in the Massachusetts 41st Regt. Thus we may perceive that the combative blood of the Bruces will break out, the Holmeses would sooner fight for our homes than stay at home, while Charles M. Charter remains "up for freight or charter;" and, judging by his last letter to us, is quite likely to give the enemy some kind of a rammer unless giving our Massachusetts friends more of the panorama. We shall see.

Madame Anna Bishop, assisted by E. Seguin, and Gustave De Spiess, are announced in New Haven, Conn., for Sept. 22d, and a "farewell" on the 23d.

Warren's Panorama of the Rebellion is among the towns in Rhode Island. A person who calls himself Mons. Denier (not Tony) has been traveling and showing in conjunction with this concern for three or four months past, ever since their return from the West Indies.

Fox's Ravel Troupe had a week of success in New Haven, as we ventured to prophesy, although a mean attempt was made by a party to forestall them, and appropriate the combined benefits of their reputation and advertising. But, the Connecticut folks soon found out the real Simon Pure, and Uncle James Pilgrim.

The Troy people have been listening to a lecture delivered by some negro who has "captured" something. No wonder the Adelphi is closed, and worthy artists have to go away.

The Provincial Exhibition opens at Toronto on the 23d. Among the amusements advertised are Prof. Anderson, assisted by Miss Louisa Anderson, for eight nights at the Music Hall; Du Flocq's Panorama of the Holy Land, at St. Lawrence Hall; Mad. Oceana, the Female Falstaff, at a Hall on King street; and the Borneo Wild Men, not being able to procure a hall (all being engaged,) will show under canvas; and Robinson & Toole's circus. These are the principal, but of course there will be some one-horse affairs besides.

For continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 187.

### THE DRAFT.

Now, all of you "man folks," twixt eighteen and fifty,
Whate'er your profession, your business or craft,
Whether wealthy or poor, whether shiftless or thrifty,
Keep your sight windows open; look out for the draft!

Effeminate youths, with incipient moustachios—
Who at ungloved humanity always have laughed;
As you brush from your finest of sack-cloth, the ashes
Dropped from your segar end, beware of the draft!

Ye city bred clerks, with no powers of endurance,
To whom each breeze threatens consumption to waft,
Don't think that weak lungs will effect your insurance,
From being exposed to this terrible draft.

Ye bankers and brokers, your credit is no test
That you're more exempt than the rest on the raft—
The present demand will admit of "no protest;"
You'll have to "provide for" this government draft.

Ye doctors unfledged, who at some country college,
In one course of lectures, vast learning have quaffed—
Postpone your libations of medical knowledge;
Doctor Lincoln prescribes you a different draft.

Ye sturdy mechanics, strong-armed and stout handed,
Here's a chance for a job on the national craft;
Your services *pressingly* now are demanded,
On this vast ship of six hundred thousand *foot* draft.

Ye engineers, architects, builders, designers,
Who can manage, on paper, base, column, and shaft;
Ye artists, ye lawyers, ye penny-a-liners,
You can all try your hands at this popular draft.

Volunteer while you can, while such *bounty-ful* offers
Are made to induce, don't stand there abaft;
The people will, after a while, close their coffers—
Uncle Samuel, too, then look out for the draft!

### "DRIVING THE NAIL," AND "SNUFFING THE CANDLE."

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sports, I will present you with the result of my observations, how far rifle shooting is understood in that State. Several individuals, who conceive themselves expert in the management of a gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; wagering a small sum, they put up a target, in the centre of which a common sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make a choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called wiping it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is somewhat better, but nothing less than hitting the nail right on the head is satisfactory. One out of three shots generally hits the nail, and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail, have a further trial among themselves, and the two best shots of these generally decide the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed "driving the nail." Barking off squirrels is delightful sport, and, in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels whilst near the town of Frankfort, the performer being a celebrated rifle shot. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one this year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion was a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a home-spun hunting shirt, bare-legged, and moccasined, carrying a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved effectual in all former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with 600 thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous it was not necessary to go after them. My companion pointed to one of these animals that had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and made me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead (that is the name given by Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip like report resounded through the woods, and along the hill, in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and had shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Since that adventure, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat. The "snuffing of a candle" with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing it to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot by night, at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer, or wolf, by torchlight. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose, curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance that rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended as an offering to the goddess of night, but which, in fact, was only fifty yards from the spot on which we stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle, should it chance to go out, or replace it, should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit even the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh, while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots put out the candle, or cut it immediately under the light.

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SUM HOSS.—For the performance of the trick horses at the Chicago fair, a special ring was formed in front of the stand. The first introduced was Sir Henry of the Eclipse and Duroc stock. He was purchased when only six months old by Hamilton for $150. The occasion of his going off so cheaply, was from the fact that his owner couldn't manage him. Hamilton, however, easily conquered him, and now has him reduced and educated to a degree almost marvellous, and a short time since sold out half his interest in him for $1,500. In the ring he answered the questions by a nod or shake of the head, asserted that he was a republican horse, and maintained the assertion through a rigid cross examination, which might have honored many a biped. He hugged and kissed his master, placed his hoofs in his master's face as gently as a feather would fall, picked out the homeliest man in the crowd, and identified him some time after, chose brandy for his drink, and took it from a tumbler, danced German waltzes, holding by the strap of his master's boot, played sick and groaned at a terrible rate, and went to sleep and snored audibly.

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SURE CURE.—The following, sure cure for the gout, is taken from an old work:—"The person afflicted must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a maid of fifty years, who has never had a wish to change her condition. He must wash it in an honest miller's pond. He must dry it on a parson's hedge who never was covetous. He must send it to a doctor's shop who has never killed a patient. And must mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow."

### A PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

There was a low comedian familiarly called Dick Hoskins, whom I occasionally encountered at several of the small country theatres in the north of England, and who was an inveterate and practical joker on the stage. He was always very well behaved with me, but when he came in contact with a tragedian for whose talents he entertained a contempt, or whose person or manners displeased him, woe to the unhappy subject of his fun. All his tragedy was turned into farce when Dick was in the humorous vein. Thus, he played grave digger one night at, I think, the Rochdale Theatre, in Lancashire, to the Hamlet of a Mr. C——, a most solemn and mysterious tragedian of the cloak and dagger school. This gentleman's tragedy was, in Dick's eye, much more intensely comic than his own broadest strokes of farce; accordingly Dick held no terms with it, and showed the unfortunate object of his merriment no quarters on the stage. When, therefore, Hamlet approached the grave to hold his dialogue with Dick in it, the latter began his antics, and extemporized all sorts of absurd interpolations in the text—which he spoke in his own broad Lancashire dialect. There was not a good house, and Dick allowed himself full license. Mr. C—— scowled fearfully, but Dick was unabashed. At last he put a climax on his audacity that "topped the infinite of insult."

The theatre was built on the site of an old Dissenting Chapel, which had formerly stood there, in which a preacher named Banks had held forth, and in the small grave-yard attached to which, the doctor—for he was popularly dubbed Dr. Banks—had been buried twenty years before; and his name was familiar yet. So, after answering Hamlet's question—

"How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?"

Dick proceeded in due course to illustrate his answer by Yorick's skull; and taking it up, he said, in the words of the text:—

'Now here's a skull that hath lain you in the earth three and twenty years. Whose do you think it was?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Hamlet, in his sepulchral, tragedy tone.

"This skull, sir," raid Dick, pursuing the text thus far, and then making a sudden and most unlooked-for alteration—

"This was Dr. Banks' skull!"

And the word skull he pronounced like bull.

Of course the house was in an uproar of laughter and confusion. The victimized tragedian stamped and fumed about the stage, as well he might, exclaiming, "Yorick's, sir, Yorick's!"

"No," said Dick, coolly, when the tumult had subsided, taking up another skull, and resuming the text—

"*This* is Yorick's skull, the King's jester; but"—going off again—"t'other's Doctor Banks', as I *told* you!"

This was too much; this was the last straw on the tragedian's back! He jumped into the grave, seized the (very) low comedian by the throat, and a most fearful contest, never before—or since, I hope—introduced into the play, ensued, in which Dick held his own bravely, and succeeded, at length, in overpowering, in a double sense, the worsted tragedian, whom he held down in the grave with one hand, while he flourished "Doctor Banks' skull" in triumph above his head!

The curtain was dropped, amidst roars and shrieks of laughter; in which King, Queen, Monk, and Courtiers—who, in the vain hope of arresting the row, had been sent off with Ophelia's empty coffin—were compelled to join, forming a tableau which finished the play for that night.

### A JEWEL OF A WIFE.

If any of the boys want to get "spliced right off" and "settle down," we would advise them to go away off in Persia and take a rib. Talk about the precious metals in these days of poor man's plasters, why you can get 'em and a precious little wife in the bargain, in them diggins, of course you can, or else the following goes for nothing:

"A Persian bride, when first bought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put into her eyes to make them dark and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal-black by indigo, or of a reddish brown by indigo and henna mixed with it, according to her own fancy or that of the broker. Her eyebrows are plastered and painted so thickly, that they look like a large piece of court-plaster cut into arches and stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck flat on each side of them in the shape of number sixes placed the wrong way. Her hands and feet, finger-nails and toe-nails, are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape of figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! she plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman with her skin all shrivelled and burnt by caustics and poisoned by pricks of needles. This odd, undersized creature, waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the finest and largest trousers possible. She puts on a great many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a fashionable damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket, with short sleeves, and a pretty *chemisette* of some light silk material, embroidered with gold threads—but her arms, and neck, legs are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets, as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds—but is not particular as to their beauty or value—a diamond is a diamond with her, whatever flaw it may have—a pearl is a pearl, whatever shape or color. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments—but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an under-current of strange round-about wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things she ought not to know, and child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest mad who ever wore a grey beard.

---

HARD ON GAME FOWL.—The agents of two rival iron safe manufacturers were recently presenting the claims of their respective articles. One was a Yankee—the other wasn't. He that wasn't told his story. A game cock had been shut up in one of his safes, and then it was exposed three days to the most intense heat. When the door opened, the cock stalked out, flapped his wings and crowed loudly, as if nothing had happened. It was now the Yankee's turn. A cock had also been shut up in one of his safes with a pound of fresh butter, and the safe was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for more than a week. The legs of the safe were melted off, and the door itself so far fused as to require the use of a cold chisel to get it open. When it was opened, the cock was found frozen dead, and the butter so solid, that a man who knocked off a piece of it with a hammer had his eye put out by a frozen butter splinter.

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A KILLING EPITAPH.

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked and killed me quickern a wink."

---

ABSENT MINDED.—There is a woman "out West" who is so absent-minded, that one washing day she carefully laid the mop in the cradle, and washed the floor with her baby, and did not discover the mistake till she attempted to wring it out.

---

CRAZY.—Mrs. Simps says her husband is always running about at night, and never gets home until twelve o'clock, and she's almost crazy. Mr. Simps is generally in the same condition, after he gets home.

---

THAT'S THE CHEESE!—"That's the cheese!" Almost everybody has heard the London cockney expression, which simply implies—"That's the very thing, the *ne plus ultra* of what we want." The original of the saying is said to be as follows, and as in these war times our forces may sometimes get out of ammunition, it may be well to apprise commanding officers how they may obtain potent substitutes from the commissary's stores.

The incident narrated occurred in an engagement with Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayres service:—

"What shall we do, sir?" asked the first lieutenant; "we've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister, double-headed—all are gone."

"Powder gone!" asked Coe.

"No, sir; got plenty of that left."

"We had a d——d hard cheese, a round Dutch one, for dinner to-day; do you remember?" asked Coe.

"I ought to; I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About six dozen, we took 'em from Drogher."

"Will they go into the eighteen-pounders?"

"By thunder, commodore! but that's the idea. I'll try 'em," cried the first luff.

And in a few minutes after, the fire of old Santa Maria (Coe's ship,) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his mainmast; and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the d——l is that they are firing?" asked Brown. But nobody could tell.

Directly another came through a port and killed two men who stood near him, then striking the opposite bulwark, burst into flinders.

"By Jove! this is too much—this is some new-fangled Paixhan or other; I don't like 'em at all!" cried Brown; and then, as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the order to "fill away!" and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of iron-hard Dutch cheese as she retired.

That was the "cheese," and no mistake.

---

EVIL EFFECTS OF DANCING.—The following anecdote is related of a tract distributor at the hospital in Nashville:—

A soldier whose legs had been carried away above the knees by a cannon ball, and who had been long a patient in the hospital, one day, while sitting up in bed, said to the nurse:

"When will those tract distributors be around again?"

"To-day," she replied.

"When they come, I would like something to read," he added.

A colporteur came in the afternoon, and made a hasty distribution of tracts, giving one to each bed without stopping to read the titles, or to see the fitness of selection. The poor fellow who had lost his legs received a little four page message, and began to read with eagerness. The nurse, noticing his interest, stole up behind him to see the subject of the tract, when, to her astonishment, she read the following title: "The Evil Effects of Modern Dancing." Repressing her laughter, she said to the man:

"That tract is hardly suited to your condition."

"Well, madam," he replied, "to tell you the truth, I think my dancing days are about over."

---

GETTING SPLICED IN BORNEO.—Marriage, which generally succeeds a lengthened routine of enigmatical courtship peculiar to those people, is celebrated with great pomp and considerable originality. The bride and bridegroom are conducted from opposite ends of the village to the spot where the ceremony is performed. They are seated on two bars of iron, symbolical of the vigorous and lasting blessings in store for them. A segar and betel leaf, carefully prepared with areca nut, are put into the hands of each. One of the officiating priests advances, waves two towls over the heads of the betrothed, and in a long address to the Supreme Being, and a short one to the couple, calls down eternal blessings on them, implores that peace and hapiness may attend the union, and gives some temporal advice, sometimes of a character more medical than saintly. The spiritual part being thus concluded, the material succeeds. The heads of the affianced are knocked against each other three or four times; then the bridegroom puts his betel leaf and segar into the mouth of the bride, and she puts her betel leaf and her segar into the mouth of the bridegroom; and thus they are acknowledged a wedded couple with the sanction of their religion. At a later period of the nuptual evening, fowls are killed, the blood caught in two cups, and from its color, the priest foretells the future happiness or misery of the newly married. The ceremony is closed by a feast, much dancing, and noisy music.

---

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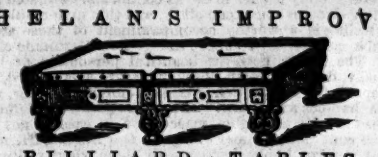

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And thus his great grief made him almost frantic,
When he arrived and found she was not there!
"She had gone South!" this was his sole vague clue;
So Southward he resolved to travel, too.

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